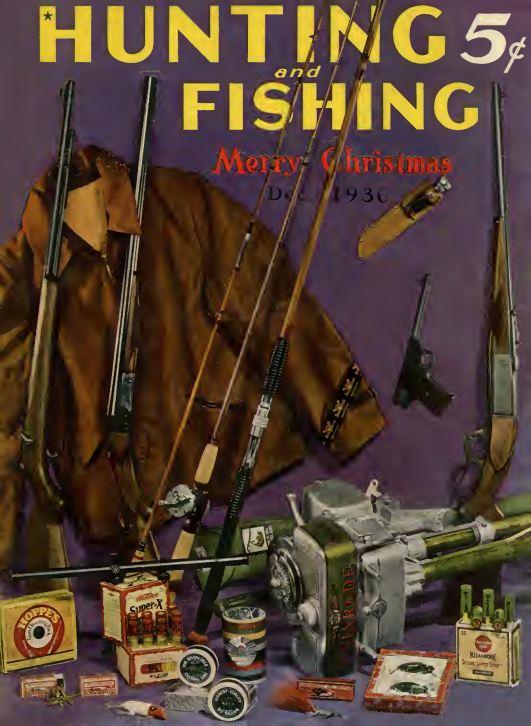


# ★ HUNTING *and* FISHING 5¢

Merry Christmas

Dec. 1936





# A dog-lover suggested our putting it this way . . .

"I've been reading some of your ads," he said, "and it seems to me there's a perfect parallel between the way you make Four Roses Whiskey and the way we go about getting a champion field dog."

"You see, there's not a single blue-ribbon winner in my kennels that just 'happened'. Each dog's parents and ancestors were carefully chosen—to blend in him all the qualities that make a dog great."

Our friend is right. Four Roses achieves its greatness in much the same way his champion setters do.

For Four Roses is not just one straight whiskey—it is a glorious combination of several fine American straight whiskeys, each outstanding for some particular virtue: aroma or body or smoothness or flavor.

With the skill of 70 years guiding us, we carefully, sympathetically, blend the virtues of all these whiskeys in one matchless whiskey—Four Roses!

Every drop of Four Roses is whiskey—and we sincerely believe that in its deep-flavored mellowness and silken smoothness you will find more satisfaction than you've ever before drained from a glass!

For the new edition of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper, and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskeys.



A blend of straight whiskeys—94 proof

## FOUR ROSES

America's finest whiskey

regardless of age or price





**Pflueger MEDALIST**  
4 sizes. Prices  
\$4.50 to \$8.00

**Pflueger AKRON**  
No. 1801—60 yd. \$4.50  
No. 1802—80 yd. 6.50  
No. 1803—60 yd.  
Light Spool . . . 6.00

**Pflueger SUMMIT**  
No. 1903 . . . \$10.00  
No. 1903L . . . 10.00

**Pflueger SUPREME**  
Price, \$25.00

**Pflueger CAPITOL**  
No. 1908—8 1/2  
No. 1908—10.00  
No. 1909—12.00

## A Thrill TO RECEIVE . . . A GREATER THRILL TO USE!

● What a world of new thrills await the angler who receives a Pflueger Reel as a Christmas gift! For, using a Pflueger means making beautiful casts—better handling of line—more strikes and scrappy landings.

And, what a range for selection! Pflueger Supreme, Summit, Nobby, Akron, Medalist, Capitol, and many other numbers all bearing the name "Pflueger" which anglers everywhere agree represents America's "Great Name in Tackle."

Step into any sporting goods dealer's store and say, "Let me see your selection of Pflueger Reels

and Baits"—and your Christmas gift problem will be solved with joy to spare. But you won't give away a Pflueger Reel unless you have one or more for your own use. Select yours at the same time . . . Would you like to see Pflueger's latest selection of Fresh and Salt Water Reels, Baits, Hooks, Lines, Rods, Leaders, Spinners, and other Pflueger creations for angler ecstasy? Send us your name and receive our

**Pocket Catalog No. 156 Free**

Yours for a "Merry Christmas"—"The Pfluegers."



# PFLUEGER

(PRONOUNCED "FLEW-GER")

*A Great Name in Tackle*

### MAIL THIS COUPON

The Enterprise Mfg. Company  
Akron Fishing Tackle Works, Inc.  
"The Pfluegers" Akron, Ohio

Please send me, without cost, Pflueger Pocket Catalog No. 156

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



# Reduced Loads



## Skeet

SOARING to what must be the height of Skeet enthusiasm, the 25th annual Los Angeles, California, was married August 29 on the grounds of the Angeles Municipal Club, where he had been one of the high scorers for the past several years. This is the first time in the history of Skeet that a sturgeon post has been used as a marriage altar.

FEATURE Skeet event for early December is the Connecticut State Floodlight Championship at the Weston Gun Club, Westport, on December 8. E. Field White, polytechnic inventor from Hartford, will defend the title he won last year when he broke 6539 under the lights.

SKEET'S tenth year ends this month with two outstandingly successful events on the records: the Second National Championship at St. Louis, Mo., from September 15 through 19, and the changes made in the official Skeet layout. Revised fields became mandatory on September 1.

## Fishing

PROGRAM of purchasing public fishing rights continues in New York, where the \$100,000 appropriated by the 1935 legislature is being used to open up new waters to the fishermen of that State. Four hundred miles of new waters are expected to be acquired before the fund is exhausted.

ALTHOUGH stories of sea gulls that swooped down and picked up a bait in mid-ocean are not rare, the story of a crew that hooked itself on a fly being cast by Herman Burrell, Chicago, on a Wisconsin trout stream, will arouse interest. The crew managed to dip into the stream and was hoisted seaward in the wing. An exciting aerial battle followed.

SUBMARINE houses are being provided for fish that dwell in the lakes and streams of Wisconsin. Baited canisters of eelgrass and other shelter material afford needed hiding places for fingerlings during the period when they are fair prey to larger fish. More than 25,000 "houses" have been provided by the State conservation department with WPA assistance.

DISTINCTION of having produced the world's largest snapping turtle is claimed by the town of Crivitz, Wisconsin, where a giant snapper weighing 41 pounds was caught from the waters of the Peshigo River. The turtle measured 3 by 2½ feet.

## Hunting

ALARM over the future of the woodcock is sounded by Dr. Glen S. Pettengill, naturalist who has made an intensive study of the migratory woodcock. According to Dr. Pettengill, the woodcock's habit of making his home in an environment subject to man's influence has tended to decrease his numbers in recent years. Shorter hunting season and smaller bag limits have been advocated.

A NEW version of the Townsend Plan is in operation in Oklahoma, where sportsmen over 40 years of age are issued free sporting licenses, valid only in the licensee's home county. For several years Massachusetts has issued free licenses to residents over seventy.

"NO record—no license" warns the Wisconsin Conservation Department in a ruling that no hunting licenses for the 1936-37 season will be issued to sportsmen who have failed to file their annual game census report. Previously less than half of the licensed hunters of that State bothered to help the game restoration program to the extent of filing out the now-mandatory report.

A FIVE-year breathing spell for marten, Wolverine, otter, and fisher has been recommended by Ira N. Gabrielson, chief of the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey, due to increasing scarcity.

## Birdlife

ESKIMOS and Indians of the far north co-operate with Jack Miner, nationally known owner of a large wildfowl sanctuary in Kingsville, Ontario in gathering information on the migratory flights of ducks and geese banded at the refuge. Bands from 16 "seasonally geese" were recently returned to Miner by natives of the Arctic Circle.

NEW record for longevity in birdlife has been set by an osprey (fish hawk) which according to banding records has lived a full 21 years. The U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey reports that this breaks the old record held by a banded pintail duck at 13 years.

FEDERATION of conservation agencies in the United States is virtually a reality, according to the American Wildlife Institute in an encouraging report on the current phase of the wildlife situation. Since the North American Wildlife Conference in January, 25 States have federated, and others are approaching that goal rapidly.

A BIRD unknown to most American sportsmen is the emperor goose, whose southernmost limits are north of the United States. Native of



Cartoon by R. A. Edwards  
"Merry Christmas dear, an' could I borrow it this afternoon to go rabbit shootin' with the boys?"

Alaska, emperor geese have been brought to a few game preserves in this country, but it is doubted that they will ever become sufficiently well established to give the United States a new game bird.

## Nature

A SOCIAL parasite is the ringneck pheasant, according to the U. S. Biological Survey, which accuses these exotic game birds of side-stepping their parental duties by laying eggs in the nests of other species—particularly ducks. Usually such acts are a question of expediency; the hen bird, strayed from her own nest and with an egg to deposit, uses the nearest nest in her moment of need.

UNUSUAL in the history of wildlife is the fact of one deer, George, of Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, which gave birth to triplet fawns. Twin births occur occasionally in deer production, but the appearance of triplets is extremely rare. The three fawns, each of which weighed about four pounds at birth, survived.

A PACK of timber wolves which has been preying upon deer in the woods near Madison, Wis., has finally been reduced from nine to three animals by conservation agents of that State.

## Conservation

TRAINING school to prepare candidates for game administration and other field work of the Pennsylvania Game Commission has been launched in that progressive State with an inaugural address by one of its game commissioners before a total of 349 candidates.

EFFORTS to reduce loss by forest fires in Wisconsin bore fruit this year, when an expenditure of only \$167,000 was needed to protect and protect thirteen million acres of forestland. Cost of this protection was less than one-tenth of one percent of the State's total revenue from recreation in the protected areas.

PARADOX: the external covering of slime which protects fish from bacterial infection while alive serves as an excellent food for bacteria as soon as the fish dies.

ALL THE GUILLS on a porcupine are not used as weapons of offense. Those on the head and body are reserved for defense purposes, while those on the tail are used as daggers when the tail is lashed.

A COLLEGE of game protectors has been launched in California in co-operation with the fish and game commission of that State, according to a bulletin from the American Wildlife Institute. Courses of study are designed to develop a well-trained corps of details capable of aiding the cause of restoration and conservation.

FOUND guilty of having wastefully killed to deer that interfered with their fox hunting, special registrars named by the New York State conservation department to the extent of \$1000. New York State department of fish and game obtained complete admission of guilt from the club members.

## Of General Interest

BETTER research and administration facilities are expected at the Fur Animal Experiment Station of the U. S. Biological Survey at Saratoga Springs, New York, following the announcement that the 16-acre tract has been bought outright and new buildings constructed. Purpose of the station is to study and experiment with valuable fur-bearing species.

UNUSUAL grounds were used in the divorce proceedings brought by a Massachusetts woman against her husband, according to the state will, her husband poisoned her pet goldfish and used them as bait for fishing. The divorce was not granted.

THREE women and a 12-year-old boy are included among the 757 guides who are licensed in Wisconsin, according to a bulletin from the State of Wisconsin conservation department.

EMANCIPATION of chained animals has begun in Pennsylvania, where the custom of keeping chained bears and other animals as roadside attractions is being outlawed. The animals are to be released and the chains are to be used instead. (American Wildlife Bulletin.)

AVAILABLE to go out to apartment in the new Morse N. Kaplan book, "Big Game Fishermen's Paradise," issued by the State of Florida. Complimentary copies may be obtained by writing to Nathan Mayo, Commissioner, Department of Agriculture, Tallahassee, Florida.

THAT the camera has become an important part of the average sportsman's equipment is seen in the report that an estimated number of 2,000,000 Americans are active photographers today. A large part of this army of picture-takers is represented by sportsmen and fishermen, who regard the camera as a useful adjunct to rod and gun.













IT  
costs  
SO LITTLE

to enjoy shooting  
A FINE .22 RIFLE  
WITH 'SCOPE SIGHT

Magnified game or targets  
... precise sighting ...  
long-range shooting ...  
vastly increase the pleasure  
and usefulness of the  
popular .22.

Choice of three accurate,  
handsome, man's-size  
Savage .22's, tapped and  
drilled for following clear-  
vision 'scopes:

No. 10, 3X, external adjust-  
ments for elevation and  
windage, adjustable focus  
at eye-piece \$4.75; No. 20,  
4X, internal click adjust-  
ments for elevation and  
windage. Adjustable focus  
at eye-piece, \$8.00.

SEND for Special  
Folder giving com-  
plete description of  
these 3 Savage Models  
and 'Scopes No.  
10 and No. 20.

Model 5-T  
(Illustrated)  
Tubular  
Magnifying  
22 Scope  
\$12.75  
'Scopes extra

Model 4-T Model 3-T  
5-Shot 22 Rifle  
\$10.75 \$5.25  
'Scopes extra 'Scopes extra

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION  
Dept. 311, Utica, N.Y.

## SAVAGE .22 Rifles

### for CHRISTMAS



The safest gift to choose for a  
sportsman—a certain source of  
lasting pride, satisfaction and  
security in keeping outdoor  
things shipshape and safe from  
seething.

Heavy steel, electric welded.

### SPORTSMAN'S CABINETS

DE-15 \$22.12

Four gun and big tackle capacity.  
Hook for hunting coat and cap.  
Storage space at bottom for boots.

DE-16 \$24.12

Ample room for  
four guns, with  
full length shelf  
at top and 4-5  
four additional  
shelves for miscellaneous ar-  
ticles.

Brown or Green Finish, doors  
with nickel handles and hinges.

Built-in lock \$1.00 extra. P. O.  
R. Harrison, Wis. Send money  
order for prompt shipment.

DE-17 \$24.12

DE-18 \$24.12

DE-19 \$24.12

DE-20 \$24.12

DE-21 \$24.12

DE-22 \$24.12

DE-23 \$24.12

DE-24 \$24.12

DE-25 \$24.12

DE-26 \$24.12

DE-27 \$24.12

DE-28 \$24.12

DE-29 \$24.12

DE-30 \$24.12

DE-31 \$24.12

DE-32 \$24.12



DE-40 \$13.50

GARDNER MANUFACTURING CO.

Box H-47, Horison, Wis.

## Key to the Cover Picture



1. Remington Sportmaster, manufactured by Remington Arms Co.
2. Winchester 21 (Skeet Model), manufactured by Winchester Repeating Arms Co.
3. Edwards Fly Rod, manufactured by Horton Mfg. Co.
4. True Temper Power Master, manufactured by American Fork & Hoe Co.
5. Bristol No. 56 Salt Water Rod, manufactured by Horton Mfg. Co.
6. Buck Skin Coat, manufactured by Luthberg, Nast & Co., Inc.
7. Marble Ideal Knife, manufactured by Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.
8. Colt Woodsman, manufactured by The Colt Patent Firearms Mfg. Co.
9. Savage Model 99, manufactured by Savage Arms Corp.
10. Hoppe Gun Cleaning Pack, manufactured by Frank A. Hoppe, Inc.
11. Lyman 438 Field Telescope Sight, manufactured by The Lyman Gun Sight Corp.
12. Western Super X Shells, manufactured by Western Cartridge Co.
13. Winchester Super Speed .22, manufactured by Winchester Repeating Arms Co.
14. South Bend Bass Oreno, manufactured by South Bend Bait Co.
15. Gladding Invincible, manufactured by B. F. Gladding & Co., Inc.
16. Ashaway Bait Sport, manufactured by The Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.
17. Evinrude Fisherman, manufactured by Outboard Motors Corp.
18. Al Foss Sheik, manufactured by American Fork & Hoe Co.
19. Heddon River Runt Spook, manufactured by James Heddon's Sons.
20. Remington Shur Shot Shells, manufactured by Remington Arms Co., Inc.
21. Pileuger Supreme Reel, manufactured by The Enterprise Mfg. Co.

See this Jacket, photographed in colors,  
on the cover of this magazine.

## BUCK SKIN



100%  
WaterProof

### Warm Yet Light in Weight

Real Admiral Byrd chose Buck Skin on his flight to the South Pole. Was a proof of their warmth! Seven layers of insulation (as illustrated) against the freezing cold. Yet the jacket weighs less than 2½ pounds! A light weight champion for hunters.

### Fleece Lined for Extra Warmth

### Waterproof

You are in a duck blind and it is raining in torrents. You are dry. You are *very* dry, because my DuPont process makes the Buck Skin fabric 100% waterproof. The terrific force of water from a fire hose leaves Buck Skin dry as toast. Scientific tests prove Buck Skin will burst before it leaks.

### Waterproofed Seams

The inner seams, shown in the X-Ray diagram (See 3) are sealed up tight against the inner leak. Not one drop of water can seep through the fabric. This is another exclusive patented Buck Skin feature.

### Adjustable Wrist Straps

The wrist straps and buckles keep the cold from blowing up your arms, added warmth to the hunter.

### Air Flow Reinforced Pockets

The pocket is constructed so that you can reach your inner clothing without "unzipping" the jacket. Because the jacket is so warm, this slit or hidden vent is necessary to carry off any undue perspiration. Added insurance against chills and colds when you are working tangled cover with your dog.

Beside these five great features to sportsmen, Buck Skin wears like the hide of por of Frank Buck's elephants. Yet it is soft, pliable and washes beautifully. Cut big and full. Colors: "Arctic" Blue (Navy) and "Honey" Brown.

Buck Skin is a handsome jacket for work or general wear. So, GO TO YOUR DEALER NOW! However, if he is all sold out, then mail me the coupon, enclose your check or money order, and I'll see that you get your Buck Skin prepaid.

**Buck Skin Joe**

LUTHBERG, NAST & CO., Inc., Makers  
312 Fifth Ave., Dept. A12, New York City  
See that I get my Jacket as checked below:  
Jacket pictured above with Slide Colors: "Arctic" Blue "Honey" Brown

Give check size...  
Here's my check ☐ or money order ☐  
(Your money refunded if not accepted)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

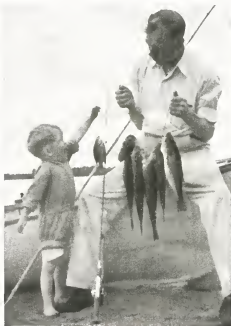
Zip.....



## PRIZE CONTEST PICTURES



Bacon and a pair of rabbit hams sizzling over the cooking fire, a bough lean-to, and a night out of doors! This remarkable photo, taken by Walt Ratschick, of St. Paul, Minnesota, was awarded first prize of \$10 cash in the second *Hunting & Fishing* photo contest.



A perfect two-point landing by the big white pelican—and a perfect action shot by Gustaf T. Sundstrom, of St. Paul, Minnesota, who submitted the picture in *Hunting & Fishing's* second prize photo contest. This excellent photo was awarded third prize by the judges.

"Look at this one, Old-Timer!"—an Honorable Mention photograph submitted by James A. Galbraith, of Minneapolis, Minnesota.



# of the SPORTING WORLD



Proving that blood lines do not the retriever make, this mongrel short-hair brings back a crow his master shot on a fishing trip. This picture, sent for *Hunting & Fishing's* prize photo contest by Jack Jean, of Baltimore, Maryland, received honorable mention by the judges of the photo contest.

"Honest, he was that long!" Campfire scenes like this are common enough, but such excellent pictures of them are rare. Stanley V. Hilliard, from Troy, Idaho, received honorable mention for this picture in the second *Hunting & Fishing* prize photo competition.

## Prize Photo Contest

Continuing this month, *Hunting & Fishing* again offers three prizes of \$10, \$5, and \$3 for the three best sporting pictures submitted every month. Pictures must be of a sporting nature, and clearly labeled with the name and address of the photographer and a brief but accurate and complete description of the scene. The editors reserve the right to publish prize-winning pictures, and to hold others for possible publication at regular rates. Address Photo Editor, *Hunting & Fishing*, 275 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

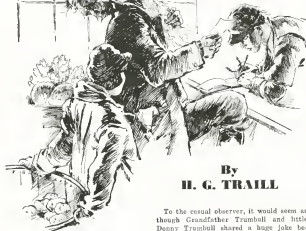
"The Hunter's Track"—a snow-scene photo taken by M. L. Knapp, of Kearney, Nebraska, who won the second prize of \$5 in last month's *Hunting & Fishing* photo competition.





# The Christmas Gamble

Drawings by  
P. B. PARSONS



By  
**H. G. TRAILL**

To the casual observer, it would seem as though Grandfather Trumbull and little Denny Trumbull shared a huge joke between them.

As indeed they did.

OF ALL the hungry fourteen-year-old boys that ever sat down to eat a Christmas dinner, Donald Trumbull, 14, was without doubt the hungriest. All morning long the rich smells of hot mince pies and baked apples and steaming vegetables had been sitting around the closed kitchen door. And all morning long Don Trumbull had nursed a hunger that was born of a conscientiously meager breakfast and subsequently whetted by thoughts of the dinner to come.

Now that mighty appetite was about to be appeased. The table was set; Mother was seated at the foot and Father at the head. Aunt Helen and Uncle Jack had finally been placed, and Granddad's checkered bib had been tied around his neck and his chair pushed in.

Don's father began grace in his kindly, tolerant voice—the same grace the Trumbulls had been saying for as long as Don could remember, and doubtless for as long as Granddad could remember, too: "Thank Thee, O Lord, for the food Thou hath provided us—"

Don looked up just as his grandfather did, and the solemnity of the occasion was utterly lost by both in an exchange of prodigious winks.

THE calendar origin of this harmless interference was Thursday, the twenty-second. Grandfather Trumbull and Don drove to the village that day to shop for Christmas dinner. Granddad's grocery list was as long as his beard, and he stood at the butcher's with one foot resting on a wooden box and read off the items with venerable precision: "two dozen sweet oranges, bananas, grapes, confectioners' sugar, butter, sage dressing, celery, walnuts, raisins—"

In a fervid state of suspense Don waited to hear him finish with "And put a roasting goose in the ice-chest for us, Charlie. Say, twelve pounds—"

But he didn't. Don knew what was on the list, too—had watched his mother write it down; heard her instruct Grandfather to punch his finger into its breast, and to watch sharp for bruised spots. But the old man finished with "Send the stuff out tomorrow morning, will you, Charlie?" took his foot off the box, and tucked the list into the inside pocket of his great-coat. He pulled his beard for a moment, as though trying to think of anything he'd forgotten, and then said "Come along, Denny," and stalked out of the store.

Don held his tongue until they got outside. Then he couldn't hold it any longer. "Gramp! You forgot the goose!"

The old man stopped short and looked at his grandson with a great show of consternation. "Did I? Well, bless my soul if I didn't! Oh, well, it doesn't matter."

"Doesn't matter!"

Grandfather stood with his hand on the door of the Ford. "Come along, now, get in," he said a little testily.

Dutifully Don got in, and sat while his grandfather spun the crank and worked the levers that mysteriously made the old car go. When finally they were rattling along the main highway toward home, Don let go again:

"But what about the goose, Gramp? We gotta have a goose for Christmas dinner!"

But the old man remained mysterious and taciturn. Driving, he resembled the old Romans in Don's ninth-grade Reader, on the page that showed them in their two-wheeled chariots rampaging around the track. But the old Romans didn't have long white beards that flew back over their shoulders the way Grandfather Trumbull's did. Nor kindly gray eyes that, despite their reticence, looked as though they were filled with knowledge and understanding of small boys.

Half-way between the village and the Trumbull house the main road crosses over the river, and just beyond the bridge a road swings sharp left and meanders through back pastures for nearly four miles, until it ends at the old, abandoned sawmill the lumber company left behind many years ago. The sawmill stands near the edge of the river, and just the other side of it a broad pond lies, its shores untrod except by the occasional small boy with his long alder pole and his pork rind or perch-belly bait.

At the sawmill Don's grandfather slowed the car to a stop, pulled up the emergency brake, and climbed out.

Don couldn't keep silent any longer.

"What—"

But Grandfather Trumbull wagged his head and shushed with a finger to his lips. Don got out and stood wondering.

The old man entered the gloomy interior of the sawmill through the wide door, and the boy followed, his feet sinking deep into the sawdust that covered the earthen floor of the old building. Grandfather Trumbull tip-toed, quite unnecessarily, to a dusty, cob-webbed window, peered cautiously through it, and beckoned.

Don pressed his nose flat against the pane, and looked out upon the pond that lay before him. At first he saw nothing, but then his eyes focused on four objects that floated in the middle of the pond.

"See 'em, Denny?" his grandfather hissed in his ear.



"What are they, Gramp? Ducks?"

The old man bent over and whispered his answer: "Not ducks, Donny—geese! Wild geese!"

A little electric shock tingled up Don's spine and into his hair. Wild geese! He remembered stories his grandfather had told him, of the great flocks of wild geese that had settled on the river in the old days; of Christmas dinners at the Trambull house with real Canadian geese instead of butcher-shop birds. And he thought he knew why grandfather hadn't ordered the geese at the village. Why, they could get their own geese!

Don's young face lifted eagerly to his grandfather; the old man bent close to the boy. Shamelessly they plotted. And when they got home there was much winking and head-wagging between them. When Don's mother asked if the butcher could supply everything all right, the old man nodded without turning a hair. And Don's mother seemed satisfied, but of course she didn't know that Grandfather had his fingers crossed, deep down in his pocket...

TO DON TRUMBULL that night seemed endless ages long, and it was with a feeling of distinct surprise that he awakened at the touch of his grandfather's hand on his arm. But he was out of bed in a wink, and the two tip-toed down the stairs in their stocking feet, putting most of their weight on the bannister and counting the steps so they could miss the fourth from the bottom that squeaked.

A lamp was lighted in the kitchen, and the big wood stove was flickering with the flames inside it. Within its circle of warmth Don dressed. Then grandfather poured two mugs of steaming coffee, and brought out a handful of doughnuts from the pantry. They ate standing over the stove.

A thin streak of gray hung over the eastern horizon when they went outside, and the stars were bright. A curved slice of moon hung usant over the barn roof, and everything was so still and cold that the



ground fairly rang as they walked from the yard to the main highway. Then, as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, Don saw for the first time that his grandfather carried a gun. Fanny how much different his grandfather looked now, in his tattered old hunting coat and hunting cap, and with the gun tucked so jauntily under his arm. He looked taller, more—more noble.

As soon as they were out of hearing from the house they talked in low tones. The words came out steaming in the frosty air:

"S'pose they'll be there, all right, Gramp!"

"Bound to be. They won't leave till other geese come along and honk to 'em."

"But s'posin' other geese *did* come along last night, and honk to 'em?"

The old man chuckled. "They'll be there, all right."

Don had to be satisfied with this, and the two of them trudged along the main highway to the sawmill road, and up that until finally the frame of the mill loomed black against the sky. In the shadow of one wall they stopped, and squatted on a frozen pile of sawdust to wait for full daylight.

Gradually, with tantalizing slowness, the grayness of the bushes and trees took form, their outlines growing sharper and sharper, until finally Don could tell where the limbs of one tree ended and another began. Then the sky changed from gray to faint blue, and it was day.

The old man got up, stretched, and then dug his hand deep into the pocket of his hunting coat and brought forth two shells. He held them up to the light to see the figures he had penciled on the wads. "Two's," he said, "go in the right barrel!"—plink! it slid in—"and BB's in the left." He checked the gun shut, squatted at the safety, and tucked it under his arm.

"And now," he said, "for that goose!"

Don's heart hammered within him. On the other side of the sawmill, beyond the high-bush blueberries, four geese rode serenely on the pond. He and his grandfather would sneak up on them through the bushes on hands and knees, and when they were close, they would jump up, and four wild geese would take off with a great beating of wings. But only three of them would go South when the big flocks came along and honked in the night.

"Careful," the old man warned. "Can't let 'em see us now. Keep low."

Together they crept around the corner of the mill, and, bending low, sneaked into the cover of the blueberry bushes. Fifty yards to the shore of the pond! Those fifty yards were the longest Don ever traveled. With every nerve tingling he crawled along behind his grandfather, taking care not to break any twigs or knock any stones together. And finally they arrived at the last clump of bushes, at the shore of the pond, and the great moment was at hand.

Don looked at his grandfather solemnly for a moment, and together they slowly raised up.

With a suddenness that shot Don to full length in a single convulsive bound, four geese beat out of the water, a full two hundred yards away. A single decisive Ae-ank rose over the alders as the birds flew away full in the face of the rising sun.

Behind, in the blueberry bushes, a four-  
(Continued  
on  
page 18)





# Tiny Lady

You can't quite BUY a dog—either you own him or you don't, whether money changes hands or not. In this story the author tells you of a dog he OWNED and of an opening day pheasant hunt that was as near perfect as any can be made.

By JIM ANGELL



Tiny Lady, the author, and two men's bag of pheasants

I BOUGHT her on an afternoon in early October, a week before the pheasant season opened, an afternoon when blue haze lay on the distant hills and woodbine was scarlet in the fence corners.

Within the space of an hour I had seen her flush a squawking cock pheasant from a thick swale where mud and water and brush and burs made the going all but impossible, raise another from a weedy fence row, and find a hen bird in less than no cover at all, out in the middle of a dry open field—all in a country where impatient hunters had run their dogs steadily for three weeks and where the ringneck population was scant, scattered, and wary.

I say I bought her. What I mean is that money passed between me and her former owner, and he rubbed the back of a rough hand once across his eyes, and I tied a bit of rope on to her collar and led her to my car and drove away with her. That is as near as you can come to buying a dog. There's more than that, much more, to owning one.

Certain documents came with her to show that she went back to Valient of Avondale and Dalshangan Whiskey, and other names that might mean much or very little. Her eyes and her manners, and her way of handling birds that first hour, were all I required.

THE moon was dropping down the western sky when Fred and I went out into the chill of Opening Day morning, still a little stupid from sleep and the alarm clock's rude awakening, and rolled the car out of the barn. We stowed gun cases and shells and hunting coats on the back seat and Tiny Lady scrambled to her place on top of the load.

We drove into a farmyard as the first gray light was breaking over the level fields, dimming the moon where it hung low in the west. It was still much too dark for shooting, and we smoked and waited in sleepy silence, broken now and then by Tiny's low impatient whining or the crowing of roosters in the barnyard.

The east gradually grew rosy. We watched hopefully, trying to gauge the

growing light. Suddenly in the early morning silence a gun crashed, a long way off to the south.

It was all the signal we needed. If others could see, we could. We stepped down, shivering, our breath twin clouds of mist, and put the guns together. While we were filling the magazines we followed Tiny into a strip of tall weeds at the edge of the orchard, just beyond the parked automobile.

Near the strip she pivoted sharply, nose to the ground, and moved eagerly ahead. I called a warning to Fred as she rushed into a clump of tall cover, and in the same instant a sleepy pheasant thundered skyward, slanting into the rosy dawn.

The light was all against me. I lifted the twenty and waited for some telltale sign. The long streaming tail and the manner of flight said cock, plain as day, but it happens to be my rule to take no chances in a case like that. I've yet to kill my first hen pheasant, and I like that record to stand, season after season.

But while I waited Fred's gun leaped and crashed. From where he stood, at one side, he could see the white collar, the blazing colors, and all the other marks of an old cock ringneck.

The pheasant crumpled, plummeted down, and crashed into the weeds. But more than one crippled ringneck has taught me to take nothing for granted. I started forward even while he was falling, but Tiny was ahead of me. She nailed him while the final tattoo of wings still drizzled in the weeds and trotted back, with his long tail dragging.

Upland hunting has no other moment quite like that. The first bird of the day and the first of the season, perfectly grassed and perfectly retrieved. If you've

seen your own dog do it, you know. If you haven't, I can't tell you!

Things happened thick and fast after that. We broke out of the edge of a cornfield, and while we paused to plan the morning's campaign we saw a cock bird and two hens streak through the fence and into the tall corn at the far end of the field.

Tiny didn't see them. We sprinted to head them off and at first we thought we had made it. The springer found the hens and put them out, one after another, in about as many seconds as there were birds, but none of us could find the cock. There's a tradition among the males of the ringneck clan that only the smart survive. This one had fitted himself to live a long time.

While we widened our search for him there came a sudden burst of gunning from a neighboring field. We glanced that way in time to see a big pheasant sailing in over the fence straight toward us, like a monoplane coming in to a landing field, the sun glinting on his burnished wings.

We passed over Fred a dozen yards aloft, coasting dead stick. He staggered at the crash of the sixteen, plumed again, losing altitude. I knew I should finish him, but the burst I gave him missed him by a yard. He was running when he hit the ground.

It was up to the springer again, and our hopes weren't high. The grass among the corn was up to our belts and a hundred crippled ringnecks could have hidden there for all of us.

We'd been at the search ten minutes or so when I saw Tiny Lady coming, between two rows of corn. Her head was held high but the cock's long tail was sweeping the weeds as she brought him. She came



In the early morning, look for your ringnecks in the cornfields



straight to me and gave him up, a wounded bird no hunter could ever have found unaided. I can close my eyes as I write and see her now, standing there before me, proud and eager, listening to my praise, while the cool fall wind rattled the brown corn around us.

There was a spell of quiet then. In the middle of a clover field the springer raced suddenly ahead, heedless for once of my sharp "Whoa!" and before we could get into gear she sent a running hen into the air a hundred yards in front of us. When we moved on she lagged behind, still making game, and almost on our heels a second hen whickered up out of the short cover.

A minute or two later, still farther behind us, Tiny Lady found what she was looking for and sent the gentleman into headlong, squawking flight. It was nobody's fault but our own that we had drifted on beyond range before she ferreted him out.

She missed one after that, and so did we, at the very edge of a strip of dry grass and sedge along an untilled field. A wise old bird, he sat tight and let us walk past ten yards away. I was nearest him and he waited until I was five times that far beyond his hiding place before he whirled up, as softly as a cock pheasant can, and slanted off into the sun with hardly a beat of his wings to betray him.

I heard the faint clatter of his flushing as he left the grass, and whirled to look, but he was planning off, well beyond my reach, and I let him go without a shot, grinning at his craft.

WHAT happened next was as near to nightmare as a pheasant hunter is likely to get. I've hunted ringnecks maybe half a hundred times, and I've never known the formula to fail. Sooner or later, before the day is finished, you walk into a covey of quail. And quail, be it known, are on the protected list in this State. But that in no way prevents them from giving a hunter a mild case of delirium tremens when they burst out one at a time from a swale where he has just marked down a cock pheasant.

Fred and the springer and I came down into a brushy corner of an old field, just before noon, and climbed a fence where dead goldenrod and grass stood shoulder high. As Fred stepped down from the fence a feathered bomb burst under his feet, and a badly startled hen pheasant went up in a vertical climb, so near at hand he could have bagged her in a butterfly net.

Fred stood stock still for a minute to steady his nerves. Just then Tiny went weaving off into the grass, making game. We stiffened, took two or three steps be-

hind her—and out whirled the first quail. Our guns leaped, came sheepishly down. We moved ahead—and out went number two. It happened once more, six steps farther on, and then the whole covey burst up around us and ended the suspense.

We stood grinning at each other, no more than a score of feet apart—and between us Tiny sent a big cock ringneck springing into flight, with sudden squawking and a terrific racket of wings.

We shot together. I know my first charge of chilled sizes went a full yard over his rising back, my second trailed him by at least as much. Fred did no better. The bird rocketed over a hedge, and we looked at each other for a minute in sheepish silence.

"It's time for lunch," Fred said finally.

We took plenty of time for eating. There's a long noon-day siesta in pheasant hunting, anyway, when there's little use to be afield. The gunning had quieted down all around us, and we heard little shooting even when we started out again, in midafternoon.

An hour after we left the car Fred downed his second bird. His license for that day was filled. They were hard to find by that time. We put a stray hen up out of the middle of a field of uncut corn, and then had a long

quiet spell while we beat weed patches, grassy ditch banks, and likely nooks and corners around the fences.

It was in such a nook—a strip of low weeds less than a pace in width at the edge of a bean field—that Tiny found Fred's second bird for him. Two of them skulked there in the scant cover, a cock and a hen. She sent them bursting out together amid cackles and clatter of wings.

The hen came my way. The cock crossed the fence to give Fred a clean rising shot. Fred cut his struts and dropped him like a falling leaf, and Tiny was through the fence and after him before he struck. The afternoon sun was dropping down the sky when we came back into an alfalfa field, along the corn where we had lost the cripple in the morning.

On the slope of a green hill Tiny made game. She was minutes finding the bird, but she caught up and flushed him fi-

nally, a young cock that got up within easy range. But he wore no white collar and I waited too long for the slanting sun to touch the colors of him as he rounded the crest of the hill.

At the far end of the field the springer took a track again. She was tired now, and the dry cover held little scent, but she worked at it steadily, moving along the fence, creeping out into the field, step by eager step. I kept on her heels and was ready when the bird went up, but it was a hen.

I wanted my second bird badly, but not badly enough to tackle the big field of uncut corn again. Nor did the sweep of brushy marsh beyond the alfalfa hold any strong lure for my tired legs, growing heavier with every step.

The sun was low now. We followed the lane along the edge of the standing corn, toward the barn. At the end of the lane we made one final swing across the weedy field where we had hunted in the morning. There was nothing there. We climbed the fence into the orchard, with Tiny trotting wearily ahead.

Suddenly she bounded forward, alert once more, made game in the tall grass of a fence corner.

I crowded close on her heels while she unraveled the tracks, sniffing them out as eagerly as on the first bird of the morning. A dozen yards along the fence she sprang the bird, a big cock that thundered up with a startled cackle of alarm.

His heavy flight exploded in a cloud of feathers at the crash of my twenty. Tiny Lady had him and was coming back before the last of the feathers had eddied back to earth.

The sun was down by that time. In the bright afterglow we went on across the orchard to the car. We spread a soft coat on the rear seat for the tired springer, and drove slowly home. And driving, Fred turned to me and said: "Perfect, wasn't it?"

I reached into the back of the car and let Tiny Lady lick my hand before I answered.

Then I said: "Perfect."



"Fred's gun leaped and crashed"



Tiny Lady poses—rather unsexily—with Fred and one of the pheasants she retrieved



# SAWBACK

## Cleans a LAKER

WB Raneh,  
Pipestone Creek,  
Alberta.



"Sawback sinks his hand into the plumb-in, an' when he pulls it out he's holdin' up a Ingersoll watch by the chain"

Drawing by P. B. PARSONS

Mr. John Lincoln,  
Wall Street, N. Y.  
Dear Friend:

Me an' Sawback Smith just got through with a flock of Piscatorial Pilgrims that came up for the fall lake troutin', and they shure got all the breaks. Every so often a man can hit Lake Minniewanka when conditions are just right, so that all you got to do is heave over yore hook with a pant's button or just a written invitation onto it, an' the Lakera will grab on like a Congressman to a PWA appropriation.

Honest, I've at so much fish this last while that I have a hell of a time restrainin' myself from jumpin' at flies.

When we arrived at the scene of our fish-in' picnic, things was looking some propitious. We pitched camp at Cranberry Bay, drug our home-made paddle duck onto the cache, an' Sawback paddled the fevered Pilgrims out while I stayed in camp to build a hammock. You don't get blisters on your mitts from cookin', less'n you get too close to the fire.

There's one disadvantage about lettin' Sawback off alone with a flock of Pilgrims. As a reconitor he shure fancies himself, an' is apt to take the bridle off his imagination an' turn it loose. Unless yore present, it's right embarrasin' at times to corroborate. A Pilgrim after he's had a tete-a-tete with the of prevaricator is liable to look at you, mere in sorer than in anger, an' say: "Why didn't you never tell me about the time you shot the Game Warden, Tex?" or: "What's this I hear 'bout you an' the derby tante? Let's hear yore side of it, you ol' hellion!"

Anyway, it's not long before I notice that Sawback and the Pilgrims have left the bay an' are off Aylmer Point, an' also that they are catchin' fish. Well, that's what we're here for, an' I'm at peace with the world. I get supper all fixed, except I don't cut any ham, figgerin' there'll be broiled Lake Trout for the piece of resistance. An' there is. When the fishermen come ashore they bring along a couple eatin' Lakera, just right for broilin'.

One of the Pilgrims has brung a fish scale & tape along, an' insists on weighin' in the catch, keepin' a record yore scientific & business-like. He's all a-twitter to tabulate a series of statistics for future generations, showin' weight for girth & length, till fishin' ain't romantic any more. An' as he weighs & measures, my pardner takes

## Another Pipestone Letter

'em down to the edge of the drink an' cleans 'em, which should of made me suspicious. But as I say, I'm at peace with the world, an' wouldn't of suspected a cross-eyed boss-thief of anything just then. So after vespers we turn in full of fresh fish and friendliness.

Next mornin' catch is good, an' the scientific Hombie gets quite a thrill when he gets a fish that's three pounds heavier than its size warrants. An' Sawback still insists on cleanin' & guttin' with little or no opposition.

"Long about noon the wind kicks up the lake some, an' the Dudes look at the white-caps with sudden respect. One of 'em speculates on how long a man would last, s'posin' he's upset 'way out in the middle. An' that brings up the question of how many lives the lake has claimed. The answer is none, to my knowledge, an' I'm just about to say so when Sawback turns his wolf loose. To hear him tell it, this stretch of water is the grave of forty Injuns, 25 Prospectors, five-ax Dudes, an' outside Wapiti, Moose, & Pack-rats.

"An' they ain't found the last corpus delectable yet," he says. "Ol' Coyote Bob's canoe was found last week, down at the fur end, but they ain't been no sign of him to date."

Sawback pulls a long face an' looks real mournful, but my ears stand up. I seen Coyote only a couple days ago, just before we left town, an' he looked pretty healthy to me. Coyote's about the earnest citizen in these hills, an' mean as a blind Rattler, but the Lord don't seem ready to gather him in quite yet.

However, I don't spoil Sawback's yarn. If he wants to thrill the Dudes, it's all included in the price they're payin'. We don't charge extr'y for nothin'.

That evenin' the statistician records another extraordinary weight for a Laker he's caught, an' I sneak down on Sawback as he's cleanin' 'em. I watch him open the Trout, an' see it's loaded clean to the gills with sand & small stones.

"So yore helpin' along the cause of academic investigation, are yuh?" I ask.

## By N. VERNON-WOOD

He grins, plumb unembarrassed. "I'm just tryin' to keep ol' Scales & Notebook enthused," he says. This bet's all the same difference to me, I shrug, an' lets him go on.

That evenin' he inviggies the Student to go out with him again. They head for Aylmer Point, an' at dusk they come in with a whoppin' big Laker. Sawback totes it into the light of the fire, an' after it's weighed an' entered, opens it up.

Suddenly he stops an' says, "Sumpin' funny about the feel of this'n."

The Dudes watch as he sits it. Sawback sinks his hand into the plumb-in, an' when he pulls it out he's holdin' up a Ingersoll watch by the chain.

"Goddieemighty!" gasps Sawback, staggerin' back, "Coyote Bob's!"

He rubs the back clean, holds it up to the light, an' skare enough, scratched on the back is R. S., which are ol' Coyote's initials. Robert Shout's his full monicker.

The statistician turns kinda green, an' his voice quavers. "How many Trout we caught of Aylmer Point?" he asks, kinda hollow-like.

"'Bout six or seven," answers Sawback, "that we kept for eatin'."

The Pilgrim turns to me. "Tex," he says, "from now on it's bacon & ham, you hear? I ain't gun' to eat no more Lake Trout, no how—never!" With that he dives into the teesee an' don't come out the rest of the night.

Later, when we was in our own rag house, I says to Sawback, "Smitty, far be it from me to criticize yore teckneek, but the next time you find a decreased rannie's watch in the trout's innards, you oughta see that it ain't tickin' an' the initials ain't yore's."

Which he said he would.

Yours,  
Tex.



## Readers' Letters

(More on page 16)

### "Bluestoning" Fish

*Editor, Hunting & Fishing:* I am writing to you in regard to what I think is unusual. After school today I went down to the beach, and noticed some people catching devilfish. They used a sort of gun like a fly-sprayer, except it shot in one stream. They filled their guns with a liquid made with bluestone (I don't know whether that is the technical name or not). When the bluestone hit the water and spread around, the devilfish came out from under the rocks and were captured. In less than an hour after the people had left, I saw more than 50 dead fish—mostly perch, kelp bass, and kelp bass of different kinds were killed. Can anything be done to stop this?—Larry C. Davis, San Pedro, California

P. S.—I read your magazine every month, and I wish it would come out twice a week.

This is the first report we have received of this kind, and we would be interested in further details. In the meantime, the local warden should be interested, too.—Editor.

### Another for the Book

*Editor, Hunting & Fishing:* I have just received my October issue of your fine magazine and find that each copy seems better than the last. As I receive each issue I put it with all the rest, as I may want to look up some interesting article in the future.—Vernon Rivera, Carroll, N. Y.

Many readers keep a complete file of back issues for reference, and we heartily recommend this idea.—Editor.

### "Majority" Vote

*Editor, Hunting & Fishing:* There is a case in October's "Reduced Loads" which I believe will have to be full length re-stated before it can be chambered. I am referring to the item regarding Pennsylvania's shortened small-game season, in which it was stated that the season was cut on the demand of the majority of Pennsylvania's sportsmen.

How can anyone tell what a majority wants without first taking a vote? To the best of my knowledge no vote was taken. I feel sure that if a vote had been taken, the season would not have been shortened. I may be wrong in this statement, but it is based on my own feelings and on the prevailing opinion in this section.

This is not a "clam" aimed at your magazine, which I regard as the best of the outdoor publications.—John M. O'Donnell, Pennsylvania

The "majority" who today express opinions on any subject—whether it be hunting and fishing problems or politics—is the majority which is the most articulate. Perhaps the Pennsylvania sportsmen who requested the shortened season did not represent the majority of the State's hunters and fishermen, but they did represent a majority of those who were sufficiently active in their own cause to say and do something.

An active minority is more powerful than a sublimely silent majority.—Editor.

### An Old-Timer Speaks

*Editor, Hunting & Fishing:* I enclose herewith my check for another two-year subscription—furnishing a lot of interesting reading for the money.

I was born in 1861, and consequently saw plenty of shooting and game. Now I have only my memories, and in this day I can be lousy and see just how certain greenheads came in over my decoys and just how they dropped.

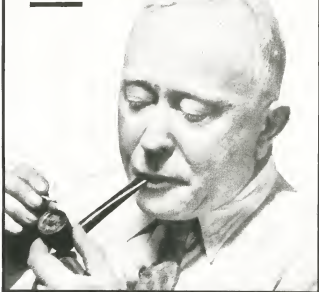
I remember well the first smokeless powder that came out. I probably shot 1000 shells experimenting with different loads, finding out what I wanted. We all loaded our own shells, and I shot so much that I purchased a loading machine, which is still around the attic.

I keep buying stuff that I never use, and now I want an over-and-under, which I shall probably never shoot, but I love guns and can't help it.

If I can't hunt, I'll still read as long as I can see.—W. V. Eddy, Seattle, Washington.

May you have many long years to come in which to enjoy your guns, your magazine, and your memories.—Editor.

# HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!



No Bite!

No Bite!

Still no Bite!

Take the right "tobacco road" with Half & Half. Cool as a bailliff serving a warrant. Sweet as the proof that he has the wrong house. Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company

**HALF AND HALF**  
**The Safe Pipe-Tobacco**  
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE



# CAMPING...

By VOYAGEUR

With two old words today I'll greet  
Old-timers and all tenderfeet,  
The French Canuck, and One-Eyed  
Pete,  
The Cree along his snowshoe beat.  
To you and you, I shall repeat—  
A Merry Christmas!

*Voyageur*

## Burnt-Alder Notes

WELL, sir, pull up your parka hood and crowd in close. It's windy, an' the only hot air around is what we can stir up durin' this evenin's conversation. Just so's I won't be short-rationed for doin' more'n my share, we'll divide up and read the burnt-alder minutes from fellows hither an' yon who has wrote in to headquarters of recent date—some givin' information, some askin' for it. Meetin' to order.

### Something On Tenderfeet

Three different times last season I camped with fellers that had never wore moccasins, or laid out in a blanket, or built a fire outdoors, or knew the difference between black ash an' white maple. A list of what them fellers didn't know would be about nine an' handles long. And they showed me plenty, too!

Well, if a tenderfoot wasn't interested in learnin' how, he wouldn't be on a trip. If you're an old hand yourself, you have your ideas of how to run things, and the tenderfoot in his eagerness to help an' be a part of the expedition, will gam the works for you. You can either get sore at him an' ruin his trip an' yours, or you can hop to it an' show him how—an' especially you can make him feel happy by awardin'

him jobs to do. He'll bring you punky birch when you send him after wood. You can explain that it won't burn, an' show him what will.

You can give him a good load to lug on the parka, an' he'll say: "I can take more than this." So give him more, an' before he's across he'll see where he made his mistake of over-loading.

Above all, when he does a good job of lugging, or of washin' dishes, or of tent-pitchin', make it a point to tell him so. And be very careful about giving him the razzberry. Chances are he's mighty sensitive about bein' a tenderfoot, and is tryin' his hardest to prove himself otherwise. Let him work. He wants to. If you try to do it all yourself, he feels left out. An' it ain't so long ago that you was a tenderfoot, an' he too.

### Snowshoes, Etc.

Dear Voyageur: I contemplate the purchase of a pair of snowshoes this fall to be used for hiking in winter. Now the problem is this—what kind? Regular? Bear paw? Or what?

I would enjoy a dissertation on the relative merits of the different types in your column, if you think it sufficiently interesting. I turn to you, for all of your ideas and suggestions I have tried worked nearly perfectly. May I take this opportunity to thank you for many hours of pleasant and instructive reading.

Sincerely, a very "tenderfoot."



Above, a typical cold-weather camp—large fireplace, with back log and stones built high, and in the background a waul tent, best for a permanent camp for its added head room and floor space. Left, a close-up of a quickly made but well-constructed fireplace, with the pot bubbling over the flame and hamburger steak sizzling against it. Many tenderfeet make the mistake of broiling over flames, and thus spoil much good meat.

Thanks for them nice things you say, and here's as brief a dissertation on snowshoes as was ever written, an' it's really mighty near all a fellow needs to know about the patterns of snowshoes. A snowshoe is patterned to the country you are going to use them—or it—in. The rockiest, brushiest country calls for the shortest and roundest shape so's the heels won't catch, and so's you won't straddle and break the frame. That extreme is called the bear paw model. Broad, no tail.

Next, or average width for average country, is the Ojibwa model, or a variation of it. This shoe has a good width where the toe-piece is laced in, a slightly up-turned toe, and a heel piece. For use in your section (New York) I'd suggest the Ojibwa type.

The extreme opposite to the bear paw, is the Cree model—a long, streamlined, very narrow "web" suitable for fast travel on open snow, such as across frozen lakes or in sparse timber where the footing is even. The Cree shoe is sometimes over five feet long. Its narrowness makes it easy to travel on—but your country has got to be "selected." You seldom see a Cree shoe south of Ontario.

All shoes are gradations of these three types. The Ojibwa alias struck me as being the one you could bank on for general use. First snowshoe company that comes to mind is the Ed Howe Company, Couper's Mills, Maine. I think the Northland Ski Co. makes 'em, too. Center webs are often made of cowhide or calfskin strips, toe and tail web sometimes of deerhide strips. You can count on any standard make. Frames of ash are strongest. To judge balance, look for a slight turn-up in the toe. Lace on the shoe, lift your foot. If the heel drags a little, your balance is right enough.





















exact middle of the bay, and then they withdrew to put their heads together in a council of war.

"There's only one way to get 'em," Gramp said in the seclusion of the elders. "I'll circle round and hide on the bluff at the head of the bay. When I get there—you better give me half an hour, anyway—you rise up and scare 'em. If things go right, they'll take off, an' if they fly upriver, away from you, and if they go by the bluff low enough—"

With his grandfather's big pocket watch clutched in his hand, Don sat alone in the bushes at the mouth of Haven Bay, watching the minutes ticking away. He dared not take another look at the geese now. It was too important that they shouldn't be scared before Gramp could hide himself in the bushes on the bluff. So he kept his eyes fixed on the watch. The second hand went around so slowly it seemed lazy; the measured plodding of the old time-piece was maddeningly deliberate; tick-click . . . tick-click . . . tick-click . . . tick-click . . .

But finally the minute hand rested over Three, and he heaved a sigh and glanced at the hour and the hour-glass. It seemed ages since Gramp left, but now he should be hiding in the bushes that grew on the bluff at the head of the bay. It was time to send the geese up to him.

Don put the watch away, and gathered up an armful of stones, throwing size, the more thoroughly to frighten the geese. And then he rushed to the water's edge, yelling, his arm flailing the rocks as far out over the water as they would go.

Their splashes fell woefully short of the mark, but the sudden appearance of the boy sent the geese into the air. The four great bodies left the water, half-circling, and—headed straight toward the bluffs!

Don stood panting on the shore, the last rock still in his hand and watched the four geese level out and glide away in the distance. They gradually drew nearer the bluffs. Nearer. Nearer. They were almost over them.

Shoot, Gramp!

But no shot came, and the four dots that were wild geese grew smaller and smaller.

A hundred horrible thoughts flashed through Don's mind. Suppose Gramp hadn't got there in time—had fallen in a bog-hole on the way? Suppose the shells had failed. Maybe Gramp and the gun had only clicked. Or maybe the geese flew higher than the ol' gun would reach—

Then one of the dots separated from the others, flew lower, and as it began to go down Don heard a dull *bo-boom* from up-river. The dot began to fall, straight down, and a second dull *bo-boom* faded away into nothing.

Three dots rolled down into the bay-ness against the sky.

So when Grandfather Trumbull, sitting on one side of the table, with his long white beard flowing all over his checkered napkin, bobbed his head and winked at his grandson during grace, the casual observer at the Trumbull Christmas dinner might well have thought they shared a huge joke between them.

As indeed they did. For between them on the table did not a huge roast goose, brown and steaming and dripping with juice, lay belly-up with a sprig of holly stuck in its breast?

## LEARN TO MOUNT BIRDS AT HOME TO ANIMALS, FISH

### Be a Taxidermist!

Learn Quickly in Spare Time  
Send COUPON for FREE BOOK

Be a taxidermy artist—learn to Restore and Recreate Birds and Animals so they appear actually alive. It is a Wonderful Art, easily learned. Our old reliable school—with over 200,000 students—will teach you. The Free Book tells all about the school and how you can learn.

Learn to mount and permanently preserve in life-like poses all kinds of Birds, Animals, Fish, Game Heads; learn Krome Tanning, Latest methods easily, quickly learned by you, boys, women. Investigate Today this new fascinating hobby.

### Sportsmen!

Save your beautiful trophies! Kill game in growing season. Every sportsman you get in hunting and fishing. Mount them for yourself. Have a splendid collection of trophies. Decorate your home and draw. Double your interest in hunting and fishing. Kill your game—preserve the wild game, get more than a few cents for your skin. You've had more money killing the big-draw. It means more money for you. Investigate with spare time liberal profits.

### No Wild-Game Needed

With little or no wild game you can become an Expert Taxidermist. Craft and Novelty Taxidermy, using mostly common or domestic specimens, is tremendously interesting and a kind of fun, and offers real cash profits for spare time. Mount lots interesting and handsome grouse, pigeons, owls, parrots, rabbits, squirrels, mice, even frogs. Make useful articles, combine with mounted birds and animals, such as lanterns, book ends, ash trays, gun racks, deer heads, etc.—they are wonderful for the home and sell readily.

### Why Not You?

Do you want to save your beautiful trophies? Do you want a home museum? Do you want a new hobby? Do you want to be famous as a Taxidermist? Do you want a new and easy money-making opportunity or investment? Then, by all means, investigate Taxidermy! Get this free book, read it, see how to turn your spare time into pleasure and cash profits.

### The Coupon Brings the Book

RUSH it back TODAY or use a Postal Card.

### Make More Money!

\$30 to \$80 a month—even much more can be earned by some of our students, they report. Some go into the Taxidermy and Tanning business, open their own shops, and sell their carcases as high as \$100 a piece. Will game is growing scarce. Specimens everywhere sold at their carcases are scarce. Their trophies mounted. Prices are liberal—the demand increases. Learn this easy money-making art, mount your trophies for others, and your own specimens—turn your spare time into cash and profit. It's a no-risk business. Thousands are learning it all around you. Why not YOU?

### Free Book

You will like this book—write for it. It's FREE! Beautiful colored covers, 64 pages, 100 illustrations, gives all the secrets of the trade. Will send you as soon as it comes in spare time.

Write for your copy now. Send the coupon or a postal card with no charge. Free copy.

THE NEW ITHACA SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMISTRY  
66-41 Broadway Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

### NICE SHOT, TED—AND ISN'T HE A BEAUTY? IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO THROW AWAY SUCH A BEAUTIFUL "SQUAB."

YOU BET THAT'S WHY I LEARNED TO MOUNT AND SAVE MY BEST THINGS WHEN YOU KNOW TAXIDERMISTRY, ONE BIRD LIKE THIS MORE THAN MAKES UP FOR A SMALL BAG.

BOY! I'M SURE OL' DAD LOVES TO LEARN TAXIDERMISTRY NOW. YOUR HUNTING TRIPS ARE TWICE AS MUCH FUN!

LATER YOU GET IT—WE ALWAYS WANTED A BEN LIKE THIS—AND DON'T FORGET THE PROFITS YOU MAKE MOUNTING FOR HUNTERS!

Here is Big News. At long last Genuine Krome Tanning is available for home use. This is the method used in large taxidermy shops for tanning fine leathers for shoes, harness, bags, etc.

We teach you Krome Tanning—for harness leather, shoe, bag and book. Also with hair, and for fine furs. Never before offered anywhere. You own books. Splendid profits in tanning for others and making your own goods. Ask opportunity! The free book to learn this new trade.

Sign the Coupon Now—Mail It Today! It may lead you into new interests, new location, and new jump to solve your financial problems. Surely you will investigate.

### FREE BOOK

Mountmakers School of Taxidermy, 66-41 Broadway Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Write for "Mount Makers". Also tell me how to learn this fascinating art easily and quickly with no obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## THE NEW ITHACA

FOR CHRISTMAS

Why not an Ithaca for a Christmas gift? We will help you select the right gun for her or for him—mouse, skunk, or trap gun. Ithaca range from the little .410 to the big Magnum 12 bore. Prices \$43.00 to \$999.00. New Catalogue with gun, dog, and hunting information, 3c in stamps.

"Ithaca Lock Step Will Improve Your Shooting."

**Ithaca Gun Company, Box 4, Ithaca, New York**



Get Acquainted

**25 Cigars 75¢**

PACKED IN A METAL HUMIDOR

Only 3¢ each for 25 mild, mellow, deliciously-fragrant cigars.

FRESH, HAND-MADE

**GUARANTEED 15¢ QUALITY**

These cigars represent over-ripe, etc., and cigars put aside for slight imperfections. But we guarantee at a money-back basis that you will smoke and enjoy every one of these five cigars just as though you paid the full retail price. None shorter than 5 inches, mostly longer. These hand-made cigars contain the finest Coro, Shade-Grow and Good-Leaf tobacco blended with

All Edwin Cigars are made with "Smoking Van" in mouth and no to biting

**LORD EDWIN**

Genuine Imported

**HAVANA**

TOBACCO

Handsome Pocket CIGAR CASE

**FREE**

WITH ALL "Get Acquainted" orders for this introductory offer of 25 of these fine, hand-made cigars.

**YOUR MONEY BACK**

If you don't receive in YOUR OWN OPINION at least \$2.50 worth of supreme smoking pleasure from these 25 cigars, just write us and we will refund every penny of your money—and the smokes will be on us!

**IF A \$1.00 BILL IS MORE CONVENIENT TO SEND**

We will include for the extra 25¢, one each of the five famous ALMOND BRANDS:

5¢ Straight  
7¢ Straight  
2 1/2¢ 1/2  
3¢ Straight  
1 1/2¢ Straight

Guaranteed perfect cigars made by expert cigarmakers from the finest tobacco available.

**DELIVERED FREE**

In any part of the U. S. we pay postage. Send check or money order for \$1.00 (plus 25¢ for the ALMOND BRANDS samples included) or pay the balance upon arrival (O. G. O. orders 15¢ extra). We have been making fine cigars for over 80 years. References: Dun, Bradstreet, or any bank in the U. S.

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE PROTECTS YOU!**

**Edwin Cigar Co.**

1200 EAST 16TH ST. NEW YORK

EST. 1903

**LAMBSKIN Arched INNERSOLE**

PRICE

Our new 1/2" thick dipped leather sole. Resistant to moisture and foot odor. Postpaid only \$1.00. Send for Full Catalog

**NICK'S** Dept. 12, Portsmouth, N.H.



Bill Foster

## Bill Foster

A MAN who is "jack of all trades" is fairly common. But a man who is both "jack" and "master" is found all too infrequently.

William H. (Bill) Foster, for fifteen years Editor-in-Chief of *National Sportsman and Hunting & Fishing* magazines, is one of the few men who are virtually masters of every phase of outdoor life. Bill knows not only the principal parts of a shotgun (and the minor ones, too) but he knows how to handle one skilfully and effectively. Bill can tell you the address of every grouse in mid-New England. He can draw you a picture of anything you name—bass, moose, or grouse—in the wink of an eye, and you'd treasure the drawing. And aside from his nature artistry, his painted conception of the country's famous locomotives have long been recognized as the foremost in the country.

Among shotgun fans Bill is known affectionately as the "father of Skeet"—and justly so, since he, with Henry W. and the late C. E. Davis, conceived the sport which *National Sportsman and Hunting & Fishing* have introduced to the world and which in ten years has become the fastest-growing shooting sport the world has known, regardless of economic conditions.

Among dog men Bill Foster can more than hold his own. Owner of

several famous pointers, donor of the famous Palmetto Kent Trophy, president of the Association of New England Field Trial Clubs, close student of dog training and breeding, and respected judge of bird dog competition, he rates high among the country's experts.

Bill Foster's name has been honored many times over by the agencies which are working toward the conservation and restoration of fish and game in this country. Bill himself was the pioneer advocate of The Game Restoration Program, long a major feature in the drive which *National Sportsman and Hunting & Fishing* are constantly making to protect and increase the supply of national wildlife for the generations to come.

THE retirement of Bill Foster from the editorship of *National Sportsman and Hunting & Fishing* magazines is accepted by us grudgingly and with regret.

Bill Foster's fifteen years of sincere work represent a record which will live long after he and you who read this have passed on to other Hunting Grounds. We can only shake his hand and wish him many happy days afieled with his gun and his dogs and his birds—that, and a quick recovery from the ill health which made necessary his resignation.



MAKE THIS TEST!  
DRINK  
**Budweiser**  
FOR FIVE DAYS

★  
On the sixth day  
try to drink a  
sweet beer

You will want  
the **Budweiser**  
flavor thereafter

## America Has Made the Test

In 1933 we said: "Something More than Beer is back."  
In 1934 we said: "Fine beer can't be made overnight.  
Behind it must be age, tradition and experience." In  
1935 we said: "Make this test, drink BUDWEISER for  
five days and on the sixth day try to drink a sweet beer"  
—America has made the test—America responds to  
quality regardless of price.

The widespread swing to BUDWEISER has exceeded  
the capacity of the largest brewery in the world. Con-  
stant brewery expansion has been necessary to care  
for the ever increasing calls for BUDWEISER, King  
of Bottled Beer.

History repeats itself. Good taste never changes.

Now, in 1936, the constantly growing universal de-  
mand is evidence that millions of beer drinkers have  
been awakened to an understanding of real beer qual-  
ity. They have put their stamp of approval on  
BUDWEISER by giving it their patronage . . . the  
supreme acknowledgment of quality.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS



# Budweiser

1876

1936

AS YOU LIKE IT . . .

IN BOTTLES • IN CANS

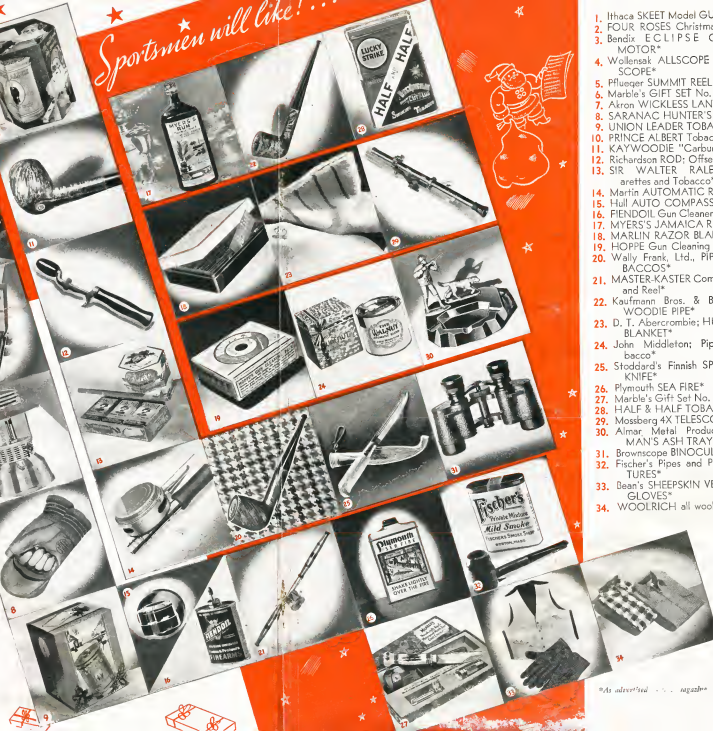


*Gifts that*

*Sportsmen will like!*



1. Ithaca KEST Model GUN\*
2. FOUR ROSES Christmas Package\*
3. Bendix ECLIPSE OUTBOARD MOTOR\*
4. Wollensak ALLSCOPE and RIFLE-SCOPE\*
5. Plueger SUMMIT REEL\*
6. Marble's GIFT SET No. 301\*
7. Akron WICKLESS LANTERN\*
8. SARANAC HUNTER'S MITT\*
9. UNION LEADER TOBACCO\*
10. PRINCE ALBERT Tobacco\*
11. KAYWOODIE "Carburetor" Pipe\*
12. Richardson ROD; Offset Handle\*
13. SIR WALTER RALEIGH, Cigarettes and Tobacco\*
14. Martin AUTOMATIC REEL\*
15. Hull AUTO COMPASS\*
16. FIENDOLIL Gun Cleaner\*
17. MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM\*
18. MARLIN RAZOR BLADES\*
19. HOPPE Gun Cleaning Pack\*
20. Wally Frank, Ltd., PIPES and TOBACCO\*
21. MASTER-KASTER Combination Rod and Reel\*
22. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, KAYWOODIE PIPE\*
23. D. T. Abercrombie; HUDSON BAY BLANKET\*
24. John Middleton; Pipes and Tobacco\*
25. Stoddard's Finnish SPORTSMAN'S KNIFE\*
26. Plymouth SEA FIRE\*
27. Marble's Gift Set No. 305\*
28. HALF & HALF TOBACCO\*
29. Mossberg 4X TELESCOPIC SIGHT\*
30. Almar Metal Products SPORTSMAN'S ASH TRAY\*
31. Brownscope BINOCULARS\*
32. Fischer's Pipes and PRIVATE MIXTURES\*
33. Dean's SHEEPSKIN VEST and KNIT GLOVES\*
34. WOOLRICH all wool men's shirts





# Trailer Show of 1937



**TRAVELODGE**  
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.  
Albany, New York



**HAYES MOTOR HOME**  
Hayes Body Corp.  
Grand Rapids, Mich.



**TROTWOOD MASTER**  
Trotwood Trailers, Inc.  
Trotwood, Ohio



**COVERED WAGON**  
Covered Wagon Co.  
Royal Clemons, Mich.



**SUN CHASE**  
York Hoover Body Corp.  
York, Penn.



**ROZY COACH**  
Kesy Coach Co.  
Kalamazoo, Mich.



**ALADDIN'S AMBASSADOR**  
The Aladdin Co.  
Bay City, Michigan



**RED CAP UTILITY TRAILER**  
The Mullins Mfg. Corp.  
Salem, Ohio



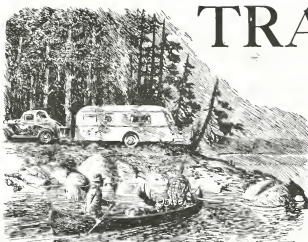
**AUTO-CRUISER**  
Auto-Cruiser Co.



**SCHULT ROMAD**  
Schult Trailers, Inc.  
Elkhart, Ind.



# TRAILER Trails



By VOYAGEUR

## Home Is Anywhere

It's the dog-tired finish of a grouse hunter's day. Food and rest are in order. The charcoal stove blinks a red eye, and through the trailer window I can see spruce tops marching in single file across the reflection of a departing day. The "Other Fellow" kicks off his wet boots and puts a kettle on the two-burner cooking grill; pretty swell, I reflect, this snug little home in the woods. For years and years I'd held to my tent and open fire, but after a few months' use this trailer was an indispensable part of our equipment. Mid-October and the thermometer in the thirties made the return from a day's shooting mighty pleasurable too, because we knew that the little stove would greet us with immediate warmth.

Every camp of every type gives us a gift in memory. Perhaps a shadow-fretted birch grove or the deep chuckling of a stream in the night. Now I sat on the bunk watching the faint light of the evening sky, and all the other sunsets I had seen from that window returned like old friends. That's the big thing—the home-like quality you create in strange country. Be it tent or open fire or moss-chinked cabin or trailer, you must be a part of the thing that creates the camp and its environs. We hadn't used our trailer in the tourist camp manner. We hadn't plugged in on electricity other than from our car battery since the day we purchased it. We filled our twenty-gallon water tank at the start of a trip, but if we ran out, a cold bucketful from lake or stream served our purpose.

There are roadside camps where the trailerite can plug in on running water and electric service—and where he can rent radios and bathrooms. But in lieu of that, we know sand trails that twist through pine bottoms and over hardwood ridges to arrive eventually beside a trout stream or sequestered lake. And

in the fall with no flies or mosquitoes to bother, we revel in the scarlet robe of a hard maple flaming against somber swamps.

Don't be fearful of bogging down with a trailer. It will go wherever a car will

go; in fact, the weight on the draw bar will improve traction. But do be careful of getting in dead-end roads where there isn't room to turn. Backing on a narrow trail is tricky. If in doubt, always unhitch and scout ahead with the car before taking the trailer in. A tent-store spirit level is standard trailer equipment, and as we park we check to see that the floor boards are on an even keel. It goes for good sleeping. In a birch clamber we install an outside table with a tarpaulin overhead. Give us two hours, and home in the wilderness is reality. The interior arrangement of a trailer is a joy forever. The next time your wife asks you to move the piano into the northeast corner of the living room, say not a word. You'll never be through rearranging the  
(Continued on page 35)

## TO SUNNY VACATIONLAND

- no hotel bills,
- no travel fares
- all the snug comforts of home
- all the joys of adventure



PRICES FROM  
**\$510 UP**  
F. O. B. FACTORY

If by chance the 1937 Travelodge is not yet on display in your vicinity, write to the factory for a booklet describing this safe, luxurious home on wheels.

Commercial Units  
Also Available

## CHEAPER THAN YOU CAN LIVE AT HOME!

See America, comfortably and thrillingly in a new deluxe Pierce-Arrow Travelodge. Tarry wherever you want to—in long as you want to—free from hotel bills, free from travel fares.

This most modern and safest of all travel homes provides you with commodious, attractive, electrically lighted quarters for sleeping, for eating, for joyful, carefree, healthful living. The first cost is low; the upkeep, negligible. Visit the nearest Pierce-Arrow Travelodge exhibit and see why thousands of vacation adventurers are becoming trailer enthusiasts—and why the Pierce-Arrow Travelodge is being acclaimed as the finest and most homelike of all trailers.

TRAILER DIVISION  
PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CORPORATION  
BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE 1937 PIERCE-ARROW  
TRAVELODGE





# ARMS and Ammunition

By  
Captain  
E. C. CROSSMAN

## The Model 37 Match Rifle

THIS pilot or experimental model appeared in our midst in the hands of Frank Kahrs, in January of 1935. For Camp Perry and the matches of 1935 appeared 40 brand-new Model 37's just off the machines and the assembly benches. This is, of course, the long-expected Remington match gun. Cometh a wire this week and it says:

Goldsborough of California (who says that he bought rifle shooting from me, E. C. C.) scored 299 ex 200 on decimal target, 240 yards, 20 shots, world record, using Model 37 and Palma 73; also shot 100 over Dewar course to tie for 1st in U. S. Trophy Match; 4 Model 37's used in this match, with Palma 73, scored two 400's ex 200; two 350's ex 400. Sold all 48 guns we had here; rifle went over in a big way.

All of which means that "Goldie," the man of the many alibis—not to say aliases now and then—and one of the finest small-bore shots in this country, stuck just all 20 shots into the 4-inch 10-ring at 200 yards with the new rifle and the dry lubricant, Lesmok 73 Palma Match. Try this on your own smokestack. Few of them will throw 10-shot machine-rest groups cutting a 4-inch ring at 200 yards, let alone 20, and let alone enough smaller to compensate a bit for wind, and error of shooter himself.

The factory reports of the various tests they made before Perry, merely left me cold. I put them down for a bunch of liars and let it go at that, being an open-minded bird and never suspicious of anybody.

Queer enough that Remington have turned out some of the finest-shooting match barrels on record prior to this M37, and yet have not made a match rifle in many years until this thing comes along.

BACK about 1925 when Uncle Sam held a machine-rest test for match 30-06 Free Rifle for our team to take to Europe, Remington won hands down, defeating Springfield, Winchester, and Harry Pope, whose beautiful barrels have never shown anything special over factory barrels when it comes to high-velocity, metal-jacket ammunition. (But they show plenty with .22 ammunition or the lead bullet!)

I own two of the finest shooting 30-06 barrels I have ever tried—and being recorder of Uncle Sam's Arms and Ammunition Boards for 1919, 1920, 1921, I have seen

### A Christmas Wish

*May the Good Old Saint bring you  
That Gun this year—instead of the  
new living-room rug probably being  
framed up on you! May your wide eight  
pulls all turn out to be tens, and all  
your shot patterns charitable patterns.  
Merry Christmas to the gang.*

—Captain E. C. Crossman

plenty of good-shooting guns in my time—there and elsewhere. These are Remington, and about ten years old. Ditto and repeat on a .22 barrel on a British BSA action.

So if the rifle known as Model 37, and now ready for the market, comes through



A terminal chronograph plate. The charge of shot or bullet, striking plate in front, breaks an electric circuit, registering time up the range, which is 40 yards for shotguns, 100 feet for small rifles and pistols, and 150 feet for high-power rifles. Guns are fired from the end of the range at left of picture.



Above, Remington Model 37 .22 bolt-action match rifle with experimental extension peep sight. Rear sight designed and made by Remington. Below, close-up of the M37.

like some of those earlier match barrels, I am inclined to think a new standard for factory .22 barrels may be set. And it is pretty hard to do this with such rifles as the 52 Winchester on the market before the new-comer.

I have seen poor-shooting 52 rifles; not many, but some. One of them, brand new, sits in my cabinet, belonging to the Red W. factory. We have never been able to make it shoot with any method.

THE new Remington is a heavier rifle than the standard Model 52, otherwise much the same, a bolt-action, box-magazine repeater, with a dummy loading gauge or chute for use of the rifle as a single shot as in slow fire matches. Rear sight is factory designed and factory made—not bought from some outside factory like Lyman or Redfield. Sight designer is the son of famous Old-Timer A. L. Lowe, formerly Works Manager of the great Blon plant, now high official with another title, and considerably responsible with Croft Loosm and with Frank Kahrs as Chief Unger and Pesterer for the production of this rifle.

Front sight likely the Redfield, which we recommended, but we have not seen the standard factory rifle as yet.

Rifle stocked for a 'scope sight, sight line high to keep metallics and 'scope in nearly the same elevation.

Front sling swivel adjustable for distance from the guard, to cure for Long Arm Lemuel or the chap whose arms are so short that he never manages to get the check for lunch.

Evidently a highly accurate match rifle, at least in the first 40.

Mister Kahrs wires that he is going to fly out to our midst about October 15, and bring with him Rifle No. 2. He is going to



# FIENDOIL

## ENEMY of CORROSION



AT  
YOUR  
SPORTS  
STORE

**FIENDOIL** is made especially for firearms—it has unique properties ordinary machine oils do not possess. Fiendoil is a perfect, patented, long-

tested base inhibitor that prevents corrosion under the most exacting and severe conditions. Just a few drops of Fiendoil does the work—and it never fails, because Fiendoil is dependable in any climate, and in all

extremes of weather. Simply apply it—no ram-rod-ding necessary, and Fiendoil is the cheapest cleanser and best solvent you can use to protect your guns. Preferred on U. S. Army Rifle Ranges and by crack shots everywhere. There is no other gun cleaner like Fiendoil—none near so good!

McCambridge & McCambridge

12 L Street, S. E., Washington, D. C.

# SEE WHAT THIS Famous JACKET CAN DO FOR You!

**HUNT OR FISH IN SOLID COMFORT THIS WINTER**—in a famous Brown's Beach Jacket! Their cost is surprisingly low, yet they wear for years—keep out wind, rain, snow and cold—won't "bind" the arms or catch on brush! You'll enjoy wearing a Brown's Beach Vest under their hunting coat. Why not own the garment that will give you the greatest wear and comfort at lowest cost? Look for a Real Brown's Beach Jacket by looking for the choice of 5 styles in coats and vests. Size 36 to 50. Ask about the attractive new Zipper Jacket in gray or blue. If your dealer can't supply you, write for free illustrated catalog.

**Brown's**  
BEACH  
JACKETS



keep No. 1 for himself. (That's the one the factory practiced on—he can keep it!)

After we give this rifle the Third Degree—and mal-treat it in that way that only we inspired rifle mal-treaters understand—and shoot it with all makes of ammunition, then we'll tell you all about it and how much it varied from that pilot model they brought out here more than a year and a half ago. I should not say that anybody exactly stamped them into making those 40 rifles they sent to Perry a year and a half later, would you?

## Further Impressions of the Model 70

THIS is a continuation of a preliminary story hastily mailed from the Oregon hills on the release of the Model 70 Winchester announcement. That preliminary was based on my knowledge of the pilot or experimental model I looked over and shot in 1935; I had not seen the rifle as finally produced commercially.

Now the commercial rifle is in our clutches and has been given the works by the Thirty-Minute Egg Brigade.

The lion in the cage is even better than the picture on the fence. This 70 is a beautiful example of what I regard as the finest action of them all for high power, military type cartridges—that is, the bolt action. See story in the November issue for the details, few of which have to be changed in this further review.

## Stock

I believe, even if I did stick my own back into the matter by Winchester request last year, that this is the finest stock ever put on a commercial rifle. Forestock is wide enough for a firm grip without being clubby, its flat bottom lies a bit better in the hand than a round one, its taper removes the clumsy appearance of some thick forestocks, sling swivel far enough forward to give the prone man ample room, sling swivel does not pull on the barrel but on a bushing in the stock. Stock and barrel are held together by sunken forestock screw not far from guard. I believe the butt stock will suit most men except those offhand chaps who want a lot of drop; impossible then to use prone. The man of less than 5 feet 10 or so will do better with 1/2 inch cut off this stock to make it 13 inches over all; far faster bolt operation with a shorter stock. The military man of even more than the size I quote will have no long stock on his. He cannot swing that bolt rapid fire with a stock of much over 13 inches.

Butt plate pitch should be 3 inches instead of 4 inches which is more of a prone pitch than a hunting rifle figure.

Swivels should be wide enough to take the service rifle sling, obtainable at low cost from Uncle Sam or outfitting stores second hand, the best and strongest sling on the market. Any other sling, even if a narrower one is wanted, should still be made in the two-piece form of the service sling, instantly adjustable for any arm, fitting shirt sleeves or heaviest coat or the pal who wants to try a few shots with the gun. This lace-up sling is one of the silliest things ever put on a rifle, the loop impossible of quick adjustment once laced up, and the whole thing belonging to the back-

# CARBURETOR (Patent Pending) KAYWOODIE

an entirely  
**NEW**  
**PRINCIPLE**  
in pipe smoking



**UPDRAFT**

Fresh air goes in here

The new Carburetor Kaywoodie has the following advantages:

- Its Perfect Mixture (of Air and Smoke) improves the flavor, taste, and aroma—because the tobacco burns better.*
- Its Perfect Mixture (of Air and Smoke) keeps your bowl dry even with constant smoking.*
- Its Perfect Mixture (of Air and Smoke) keeps your smoke cool. Will not burn your tongue no matter how fast you smoke.*
- Its Perfect Mixture (of Air and Smoke) takes the rawness out of any tobacco.*

The Updraft of the new Carburetor Kaywoodie is the result of 5 years of steady, intensive experimentation. Now it's here—perfected. This new pipe looks just the same as the regular Kaywoodie, except that it has a "carburetor" hidden in the bottom of the bowl—it breathes at the bottom! It's MILD—mild enough for cigarette smokers! We ask all smokers to examine it at their dealer's—the new taste in pipes! Of course it has the famous Drinkless Attachment in the stem.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.  
New York and London



**GRADUATE  
to KAYWOODIE**







Said kid, using I. Y. Johnson's justly famous handloads in the .30-06, then sought the range. The load consisted of—grah I got a poor head for figures—either 180 gr. of Hivel No. 2 and a 46-gr. bullet, or else 46 gr. of Hivel and a 180-gr. bullet. I can look it up for you if you want. Anyhow, the bullet was the famous old Remington Palma flat-base cupro-nickel that held all the records and a few more. So the kid fished for the target in this range, the rifle not having been shot at long range, and he got on the paper at 800, and ran out 10 straight bulls, then ten more at 800, and finally dropped 3 points at 1000, taking the match from the Hard Boiled brethren gathered at that place. And if you think that taking a match from this gang is a Set-Up, you practice snatching bones from bulldogs for a while before you go out there with that idea in mind.

So three points down over the course is "Bull Gun," match-rifle accuracy and this is about what we find in the Winchester 54 rifle barrels throughout.

Humor. The bolt of the 54/06 we had on hand slid neatly into the 70 receiver, closed, and head-spaced correctly by our gauges. So you can see they did not change that department very much. But don't think you can jack up your 54 bolt and back a 70 Model under it. They won't give you a break on it, buddies.

#### Pull

The pull is adjustable by removing the stock and turning the two nuts in the trigger mechanism. Test showed that a setting of 3½ lbs. was entirely safe on sample rifle slammed violently on an empty chamber. A loaded cartridge cushions and slows down the bolt stroke and makes riding over the sear less likely. But weakening springs from long use and wear of parts might make less than 3½ lbs. dangerous. Do not fool with adjustment if the pull as issued seems okay to you and do not set less than 3½ lbs. for a hunting or rapid fire rifle. It may be unsafe.

Here's the new works in the pull dept. Angles of sear nose and angle of cocking piece are 45°. Cocking piece tries to push down the sear, on bolt being closed. Trigger bar or arm, one-piece steel with trigger, prevents sear from being pushed down, a la tumbler trigger. When you fire the gun you merely pull trigger out of way of sear, permitting cocking piece to thrust sear down and pass over it. There is no dragging of a sear out of contact with a right angle surface on the firing pin or cocking piece, no change in friction or stickiness or trigger sticking back if take-up is pulled out. It is a clean sharp pull like a fine shotgun, and if it is maintained at the 3½ lb. mark desired by the more educated class of shooter, it will be a grand success, specially with the non-military rifle shot type of hunter who is bothered by the take-up of the military rifle.

#### Safety

Works easily either way, contrary to pilot model. Open to some objection. Can be pulled off in scrambling through thick brush, can be pushed off in shoving loaded rifle into scabbard. Naturally, it can be pushed off with an

## HUDSON'S 15th Annual GUN sale!

Another large purchase enables the famous "House of Hudson" to offer you some of the most sensational and astounding gun values in years. The guns offered are brand new, are not seconds or used guns, but are all packed in original factory boxes and guaranteed brand new, both by the factory and ourselves. Quantities are limited, first come first served! (\$2 deposit required on all C.O.D.'s.)

Regular Price \$22.95



The finest woodchuck rifle is found in the Model No. 25A Remington as illustrated above. A reporter that will "test" anything from rabbits to small deer up to 300 yds. It is the latest 31-20 or 31-20 repeating rifle as the market, weighing only 5½ lbs. Lightening fast slide action, built for quick shooting. Magazine capacity 10 rounds. 24" barrel. Popular buckhorn rear and metal head front sights. Steel rifle butt plate. Furnished in either 31-20 or 31-20 caliber, using both standard and highspeed loads. A few 100's barrel carbines. Regular Price, \$22.95. A box at the extra special price of \$19.95. Order earlier when ordering.

"EXTRA SPECIAL!"  
**\$19.95**

#### DEER RIFLE . . .

30/40 or 44/40  
Calibers

**24.95**

Regular Price  
**\$39.95**

Marlin No. 36 carbine, P.B. 31-30 or 31-20, \$27.95  
Win. Model 53, self loader, 25-210 cal., 14.95  
Win. Model 52, 30/40 cal., 24" barrel, med., 18.95  
Win. Model 73, 44/40 cal., 24" barrel, med., 12.95

HUDSON SPORTING GOODS CO. (Free Latest Catalog)

Here we offer you a saving of \$15 on any of the following Winchester Model 92 Carabines with 20" barrels: 25/20, 38/40 or 44/40 calibers; also a few with 21" barrels. The calibers 38/40 and 44/40 are ideal for deer and bear. Cost \$39.95, now \$24.95. State caliber when ordering.

Smith & Wesson, 32 S&W, 4" mag. butt, and \$18.95  
Dart War Model, 45 calib., 5½" blm. 11.95  
Carl Price Partridge, 30 S&W 4", med. 13.95  
E. S. Army line leather sling, 1/2", see, p. 65

## GOT NEARLY TWICE AS MUCH FOR FURS..

... through Sears!  
Let us help you too!  
MAIL COUPON BELOW

Joseph Morris' satisfaction (see picture at right) is typical of the hundreds of thousands of Sears shoppers from coast to coast! By actual test, they have found Sears Raw Fur Marketing Service the way to get TOP-value for all their pelts! Acting as your agent, without charge to you, Sears will do the same for you.

### \$4,500.00 IN AWARDS TO TRAPPERS— FIRST AWARD RAISED TO \$1,000.00 CASH

In addition, you may share in the 402 awards for correct pelt preparation in Sears 8th National Fur Show! Only handling customs, not kind or value of skin. No red tape. Every fur shipped to Sears is considered; you don't even have to sell your furs through Sears. All awards are in addition to full value of your pelts.

This season's extra cash opportunities include six new Sectional Awards, one of them a FREE 1937 Plymouth Sedan!

### VALUABLE BOOK TELLS HOW

New Tips to Trappers tells how you may earn one or more award. Gives hints on pelt



Joseph Morris, Buzzard's Bay, Mass., an enthusiastic Sears shopper, "I was offered \$100 a pelt for my skins," he writes, "but thought I could do better at Sears. I did pretty much as well as I averaged \$5.50 per pelt."

handling that will help you. Pictures and names last season's winners. Your friends are probably included. Describes strong demand for furs—HIGHER OPENING PRICES this season! Your copy is FREE. Mail coupon now.



Mail to point below nearest to you:  
**SEARS, ROEBUCK and CO.**  
Chicago—Philadelphia—Memphis  
Dallas—Kansas City—Seattle  
Please mail me, without cost or obligation, fur shipping tags and latest edition of "Tips to Trappers."

Name.....  
Post Office.....State.....  
Rural Route.....Box No.....  
Street Address.....







## MY BANKER ADVISED ME TO "Carry TUMS"

"My banker gave me sound real advice when he told me he carried a roll of Tums in his pocket all the time. It just isn't good business to be bothered with acid indigestion, since TUMS have been discovered."



## QUICK RELIEF

FROM ACID INDIGESTION . . .  
SOUR STOMACH . . . HEARTBURN

MILLIONS of busy men and women have found it's wise to carry Tums always . . . carrying Tums means from several minutes to an hour or more quicker relief. When smoking, busy eating, rich foods, or "big nights" bring on gas or heartburn . . . a few Tums will quickly bring scientific, thorough relief. No harsh alkalies. Non-habit forming. And, they're so pleasant to eat . . . just like candy. So handy to carry in pocket or purse. Buy Tums at any drug store. Only 10c . . . or 3 rolls for 25c in the handy ECONOMY PACK. Carry Tums!

## TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE  
ANTACID . . .  
NOT A LAXATIVE

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

Free! Beneficial. Scientific. 100% Chamberlain-Thomas. Also  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and  
TUMS and TUMS. Small packets for carrying and

a good, even-shooting 12-ga., shooting 65 to 70% with No. 6 or 7 shot. Probably not a duck in a thousand is killed at 80 yards, and certainly not one hunter in a thousand could hit a duck at 80 yards even if he had a gun that would do the work. Some day step off 80 yards, then try to figure the right lead to hit a duck at that distance.

But these big 10-gauges with the 1%-oz. loads will kill singles pretty consistently, I believe, at 70 yards, and at 60 yards are entirely deadly.

F. S.—The amount necessary to lead a duck flying, say, 50 miles per hour and at 80 yards is only 25 ft. or so.

Shooting of 10-gauge Ithaca double gun, full choke, 32-inch barrels, single trigger, with Western Super X 1%-ounce loads of coppered shot.

No. 3 shot 178 pellets 48.5 gr. prog. burning

No. 4 shot 258 pellets 48.5 gr. prog. burning

(No. 3 pellet 45% heavier than No. 4)

Wade all felt. Weight of shot charge 720 gr.

Weight of No. 3 pellet 4 gr., No. 4 2.8 gr.

| Barrel | No. 3 shot, 75 yards | Count in 30' circle | Percent |
|--------|----------------------|---------------------|---------|
| R      | 65                   | 39                  | 33      |
| R      | 57                   | 33                  | 28      |
| R      | 54                   | 30                  | 25      |
| L      | 74                   | 43                  | 37      |
| L      | 48                   | 27                  | 23      |
| L      | 49                   | 28                  | 24      |

| Barrel | No. 4 shot, 60 yards | Count in 30' circle | Percent |
|--------|----------------------|---------------------|---------|
| R      | 91                   | 35                  | 43      |
| R      | 110                  | 43                  | 53      |
| R      | 100                  | 40                  | 50      |
| L      | 104                  | 40                  | 50      |
| L      | 114                  | 46                  | 58      |
| L      | 119                  | 46                  | 58      |

| Barrel | No. 3 shot, 60 yards | Count in 30' circle | Percent |
|--------|----------------------|---------------------|---------|
| R      | 106                  | 40                  | 49      |
| R      | 78                   | 30                  | 38      |
| R      | 103                  | 40                  | 50      |
| R      | 107                  | 40                  | 50      |
| L      | 73                   | 30                  | 38      |
| L      | 89                   | 30                  | 38      |

| Barrel | No. 3 shot, 40 yards | Count in 30' circle | Percent |
|--------|----------------------|---------------------|---------|
| R      | 137                  | 77                  | 81      |
| R      | 144                  | 81                  | 85      |
| R      | 153                  | 85                  | 89      |
| L      | 138                  | 78                  | 82      |
| L      | 142                  | 80                  | 84      |
| L      | 111                  | 63                  | 66      |
| L      | 146                  | 85                  | 89      |
| L      | 151                  | 85                  | 89      |

## Capt. Wotkins on the .220

FROM old rifle-club mate and later army mate Capt. Grove Wotkins comes the first complete report of the effect of the .220 Swift on deer, this fall of 1936 thus far:

I have now heard from more than a dozen reliable hunters in this section as to the worth of the Swift on deer, and in every instance it would certainly seem that this cartridge is very deadly up to and even beyond 300 yards. Of the 12 reports, 10 of the deer killed were brought down with one shot each, average distance about 250 yards. The other two were hit twice, but the hunters reported second shot not necessary. They all agree that the effect is entirely different from any rifle they ever tried. In two of the cases the 56-gr. bullet was used and went entirely through the animal, with the instantly paralyzing effect the British refer to as "pole-ax results." Destruction of mind, very slight.

To which we add that most amazing report from Major Chamberlin over in the Islands about shooting condemned army mules with the .220; with the .30-06, and with the .405. This worthy medico concludes that the .220 has more shock even when it hits a non-vital spot, but naturally not the high penetration of the other rifles. Hits in a vital spot—brain, neck, heart—says the Major, seemed to blast the mule off his feet—nervous and muscular relaxation, of course.

## sportsman's Special

INTRODUCTORY KIT—PIPE,  
POUCH AND  
TOBACCO



I RUM CURED PIPE  
made from fifty-year  
old genuine Algonquin  
Birch Root cured with  
finest Jamaica Rum by a secret WALLY  
FRANK process. (Imports a very mild and  
fragrant and will not bite the tongue. Reg-  
ular value \$2.50 per lb.)

Regular Value = \$2.50  
FISHERMAN'S POUCH made of Air-Tight,  
Waterproof, genuine English Oil Skin.

Regular Value = \$5.00  
FILLED WITH our famous Rum Cured To-  
bacco (Melrose No. 77) extra mild and  
fragrant and will not bite the tongue. Reg-  
ular value \$2.50 per lb.

Regular Value = \$3.20  
Total Regular Value = \$3.20

Check new friends  
CIGARETTES  
DESIRED

WALLY FRANK, Ltd.,  
—NEW YORK SHOPS—  
10 E. 45 St. Car. Nassau & Fulton

Dept. 148, 10 E. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Enclosed  
find \$1.00 (Ship POSTPAID) I complete Sportsman's  
Special Kit. Ship C. O. D., I will pay on  
delivery, plus postage. My money will be  
refunded if I am not completely satisfied.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## The SPEEDY STITCHER

For repairing boots, shoes, leather coats,  
purses, straps, auto tops and  
also, etc. Can be used to  
sew girth leathers, harness  
worn on horse, harness  
and saddle. Sew  
quick and  
strong.

Price postage prepaid \$2.00.

ROBIE-SAWYER COMPANY  
803 Stevens Place  
Urbana, N.Y.

## NEW METHOD GUN BLUET

Makes old guns like new  
Will not injure finest steel.  
No heating necessary. \$1.00  
Restores the finish on  
guns in ten minutes for  
Send for circular "What Gunbluing Is"

New Method Gun Bluing Co.  
Desk 2-100, New Method Building  
BRADFORD, PA.

## WEAVER RIFLE SCOPES



PRICES \$4.75 to \$11.70

Micrometer eyepiece focus. In-  
ternal click adjustments. High  
or low mounts. Scopes for all  
purposes, 3 to 6 power, for high  
or low power rifles.

Write Dept. 3 for free literature

W.R. WEAVER CO.  
EL PASO, TEXAS

## A REAL HE-MAN'S LANTERN

FOR EVERY OUTDOOR USE

Sensational New Diamond  
Instant-Light, Wicksless  
Burns 20% over 1  
A brand-new light  
for every outdoor use. Instant  
light at turn of a valve. Large  
diameter holds 3 wicks and gives 22  
hours bright, white, non-flicker-  
ing light (300 candlepower) 26  
times light of old wax lantern at  
fraction of cost!

Burns Kerosene or Gasoline  
Makes its own gas from 95%  
free air, only 4% fuel—flood-  
lights while camp or cottage,  
porch, barnyard, barn or road-  
stead. Ideal for tourists. Packs  
easy, safely. Can't leak in any pos-  
ition. Wind, storm and bad road.

30-Day Home Trial  
Enjoy this sensational lantern  
for 30 days at our risk before  
deciding. Get our special short-  
time low-price introductory offer.  
Send today!

AGENTS! A year-round  
money-maker. Write at once  
for money-making data and  
how to get yours FREE, by  
helping to introduce it.

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO.  
612 Lauder St.  
Akron, Ohio





# SKEETand Skeet Shooters

By  
HY  
GUNN

## Echoes from St. Louis

THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS so far have been, and probably always will be, the proving ground for Skeet equipment. At the championship events the maximum number of entries must be handled, and as this list grows the field layout and equipment must be developed to keep pace.

This year, for the first time in Skeet history, a six-field layout was used. Down-the-line double-decker traphouses were installed with the left-hand bird for one field coming from the lower compartment, while the right-hand bird for the next field was thrown from the upper compartment. A board fence separated each field from the next.

No doubt many clubs that are thinking of putting in multiple-field layouts are interested in the employment of the double-decker traphouse. Also there are organizations with big-shoot ambitions that will be wondering about the six fields.

The first double-unit Skeet field was installed by the Hartford (Connecticut) Gun Club in anticipation of the change of Skeet rules that became effective during the summer. The Hartford Club held a shoot, using the new setup, on June 7, 1936. From that time up to the six-field installation at St. Louis the idea of using three traphouses for two fields has been tried in a number of places.

The general opinion is that where room is not at an absolute premium, and where construction costs will permit, the two fields should be kept separate. The chief objection to the double-decker idea is the confusion caused by the noise of other traps, and by the appearance of a whole target or large pieces coming into view beyond the traphouse at just the time a target is expected.

The rules of Skeet place all the importance on the sight of the target that is called for. Rule 5 says that the shooter shall

not raise his gun to his shoulder until the target is seen in the air. While the official rules do not recognize such sounds as the springing of a trap, the tight-nerved shooter does, to his confusion. With the two traps in one house the sound of either trap, to the shooter at station 6 or 7 of one field, or Station 1 or 2 of the other, cannot be distinguished.

Yet, if it were the sounds alone the situation would not be so bad for, after all, there are plenty of noises at a big Skeet shoot to upset the jumpy individual. But with the target from the next field popping into view just as the one to be shot at is expected, the combination is unjustly hard on the shooter. Two fields tied together, therefore, have the advantage of compactness and somewhat lower cost, but are to be preferred to separated units for no other reason.

The six-field unit at St. Louis was the first of its kind, and therefore definite conclusions are hard to draw. The general opinion of the closer students of Skeet, who also took into consideration the slowness and unevenness of squad movement, was that the six-field layout did not work out. as it should, but this was due principally to the inexperience of many of the shooters at St. Louis in big-time competition and to the failure of the squad-hustlers to function where most needed.

## Money Shooting

THERE is a small percentage of Skeet shooters who seem bound and possessed to get money shooting into Skeet. These

shooters seem to be mainly of two classes: those brought up under the money system of trapshooting and the other which thinks it could afford to travel around and pay its way, perhaps with a little extra thrown in, if it were shooting for cash prizes. In fact, the second class is starting out just as the first one did, only it is seeing Skeet as offering the glowing opportunity.

Skeet has its foundation firmly established in the big amateur class that shoots for the fun of shooting and regards Skeet as a national pastime. The minority who see a chance to play the amateur class for suckers, contributing to the pool that the money shooters hope to split, will do more to endanger the future of the sport than any other element. Money shooting hasn't worked in trapshooting, although many of the old-timers think it has. The status of trapshooting today is the answer. Skeet will drop into the same pitfall if money shooting becomes established on its program.

Recent reports include a money shoot in which fourteen entries paid a fee of \$50 cash to make a pool of some three hundred dollars for one shoot. The result may have been fun for the few winners, but from there on the outcome will never encourage the growth of the sport.

Realizing the disastrous effects money shooting would have on Skeet as a national amateur sport, the National Skeet Shooting Association will continue to stamp out the evil by a strict enforcement of their no-money-shooting rule and refusal to register or recognize tournaments and scores shot for money prizes in any form.



The first double-decker traphouse to be used in a registered shoot was introduced at Hartford, Connecticut. Note the high board fence separating the two fields. When plenty of space is available for field installation, the use of duplex traphouses is not ideal.







## Earn These Christmas Gifts IN YOUR SPARE TIME

You can earn any item of sport equipment advertised in **HUNTING & FISHING** for Xmas Presents. Just show this copy to your friends. They will be glad to give you \$1.00 for a few years subscription. Send the names and money (not sent to us and we'll mail you immediately any item you select.



**WINCHESTER MODEL 37, Single Barrel Shotgun**  
steelbitt throughout, ten-laminate of new design. Pistol grip walnut stock, screw-down fore-end. Automatic ejector. Given for only 14 subscriptions at \$1.50 each.



**HOPPE'S LUBRICATING OIL**  
Pure, Light, Never Gums  
5 cc. can. Given for 1  
subscription at \$1.



**MOSSBERG MODEL 46 .22 RIFLE**  
Complete with 4X Telescope Sight  
Given for only 20 subscriptions at \$1.00 each.



**WOLLENSAK 4X RIFLESCOPE**  
Just practically all rifles only 11 subscriptions at \$1.00 each.



**LYMAN**  
No. 53 Repeating Sight for  
.30 bolt rifle. Given for  
only 5 subscriptions at \$1.00  
each.



**DUXBK LACED BREECHES**  
Given for 5 subscriptions  
at \$1 each.



"LONG RANGE GUN"  
WESTERN ARMS CORP. INDIANAPOLIS

**WESTERN ARMS LONG RANGE DOUBLE**  
Given for 31 subscriptions at \$1.00 each.



**MODEL 69 WINCHESTER BOLT ACTION .22 CAL. REPEATING RIFLE**  
Given for only 17 subscriptions at \$1.00 each.



**WEAVER SCOPE**  
Model 310. Given as a prize for only  
6 subscriptions at \$1.00 each.



**"HISTAND-ARD" AUTO-MATIC .22**  
Designed and Built by Gus  
HISTAND.  
Given as a prize for only  
24 subscriptions.



**RICHARDSON ROD**  
Given for only 6 subscriptions at \$1.00



**BROWN'S BEACH JACKET**

For Work or Play. Built for  
warmth. No. 221. Given as a  
prize for only 5 subscriptions  
at \$1.00 each.



**EDWARDS OIL TANNED ELK SKIN HUNTING BOOTS**  
Given for ONLY 5 subscriptions at  
\$1.00 EACH



**PFLUEGER AKRON LEVEL WIND ANTI-BACKLASH REEL**  
Given for only 5 subscriptions at \$1.00



**MARBLE'S STANDARD FRONT SIGHTS**  
Ivory or Gold Band  
Given for 2 subscriptions at \$1 each

**HUNTING & FISHING, 275 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.**

Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover cost of postage. Please send me your complete 24 page Catalog showing descriptions of other prizes I can earn in my spare time.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street & No. \_\_\_\_\_ City or Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## More Readers' Letters

### Live Bait Lowly?

**Editor, Hunting & Fishing:** The boys that fish around here are bait casters of the lowly type—live bait, I mean. Most of our fishing is done in the river for cat, carp, and what-have-you. I for one have tired of driving to northern Iowa to fish a two-foot trickle for trout that could hide behind a stub we use for bait in the river. We are unfortunate enough to have to work for a living; thus our fishing is done on Sunday or at night. Why don't you carry any information on the true of fishing in place of some of that baloney on fly fishing?—*Don Logan, Des Moines, Iowa*

It is our belief that there is no such thing as a "lowly" fisherman; the live-bait fisherman is as much a sportsman as the most rabid dry-fly purist. Bob Coulson, editor of this magazine's fishing department, has given much attention to the interests of the worm and live-bait fishermen.—*Editor.*

### More Vernon-Wood

**Editor, Hunting & Fishing:** Please give us more of N. Vernon-Wood's contributions—they give a fellow a "lift," regardless of how far down in the dumps he's feeling. You have a splendid magazine—more power to it!—*Mrs. L. D. K. St., Alabama.*

Mrs. L. D. K. is not alone in her admiration of Vernon-Wood's keen sense of the amusing.—*Editor.*

**Editor, Hunting & Fishing:** I have received my two rods, the Pflueger Summit and the Weber-Henshall, and I want to thank you for them. I am very proud of them both, and it took very little effort on my part to get them. As *Hunting & Fishing* is very easy to sell, I am enclosing a few more orders for a Black Greno line.—*Lee L. Jarrett, Weston, West Virginia.*

## Fishing Contest Nears End

For most of this country's fly-tossers and plug-casters, the 1936 edition of the *Hunting & Fishing* and *National Sportsman* big fish competition is ended. Seventeen divisions have been closed to farther entries, and the judges are now beginning the gigantic task of selecting the winners who are to share in the \$2700 merchandise prize awards offered for the largest fish entered in 1936.

But there is still a chance to win a prize for fish caught in the central or southern sections of the country. In the largemouth bass division, entries are being taken from the Central, Southern, and Florida Zones until January 1, 1937, and Westerners get their chance in the steelhead or rainbow trout division, which will remain open for entries also until New Year's, and perhaps win a merchandise prize up to \$50.

If you live in any of the States where contests divisions are still open, why not bid farewell to the 1936 season in fitting manner? Test your luck on nearby waters, and if you happen to hook a big one, enter him in the *Hunting & Fishing* and *National Sportsman* contest.

Go to your local sporting goods dealer for entry blanks and full information. If he can't supply you, send a 3-cent stamp to this magazine, at 275 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.







# FISHING ...

*That lake trout (togue) can be taken on a fly rod is amply proven by your fishing editor, who caught this mighty pair of lokers on a 5½-ounce rod from a New York lake*



By **ROBERT E. COULSON**

## A Season's Greeting

*Housed! And best wishes for a grand Christmas and the best fishing season of your life in 1937 from the fellow who writes these pieces and who would rather go fishing with you any time!*

*Bob Coulson*

useful to the beginner. The reel should hold 100 yards of line even though you only buy a 50-yard spool. When assembling your outfit, build up the arbor with old line so your new will fill to within a quarter inch of the pillars.

A good line can be bought for 75 cents or a dollar. Be sure that it is a braided silk line, and it should test about 14 pounds. This line will be strong enough for any fishing except the heaviest trolling. A 50-yard spool will be sufficient, and after it has been used for a season, change ends on the reel and the line will be almost as good as new again.

The rod, reel, and line are the essentials of a fishing outfit if you add a few snelled hooks and a bobber. There are lots of smaller pieces of equipment, such as bronze wire traces, plugs, spoons, and whatnot that you will need as you go along, but as the type of fishing you plan to do will necessitate a different choice of these items, we will pass them by for the present. A tackle box, even if it is one that costs only 50 cents, is a mighty nice thing to have so that the odds and ends of your equipment can be kept together. The more elaborate

## Christmas Presents for Fishermen

**B**Y THE time spring comes again we are going to have a right smart crop of brand new fishermen to take care of, and they are going to be writing us all through the cold months wanting to know what kind of an outfit a beginner should buy.

Incidentally, if your fishing editor were a youngster who wanted to get off on the right foot with his tackle outfit, he could think of worse things to do than to leave this copy of *Hunting & Fishing* around where Santa Claus might run across it accidentally and pick up a few ideas for himself as to what a fellow would really like to find in his stocking Christmas morning. The old chap with the long whiskers never objects to getting a little help during open season for selecting presents.

Most boys who are lucky enough to have been born or reared in the United States know all about cane poles and string fishing lines, so we'll pass that and go on to rods and whatnot that are next in line.

For the one-rod fisherman we can think of nothing that is more useful than a cane or steel bait-casting rod. This type of rod is the most generally useful and in a pinch can be used for nearly all kinds of fishing.

Such rods are from four and a half to six and a half feet long, and they can be bought anywhere from a dollar up. We've had lots of fun with the price down to that figure we'd pick one of steel rather than bamboo, because it would be more serviceable. If we could spend more than this on the rod, we would, and for five or six dollars we could get one that would last us many years and be a little more adaptable to finer fishing. The weight of the rod is not particularly important, but it should cast a ½-ounce plug with a minimum of effort and for this reason should be moderately stiff, but with plenty of "action." This rod will serve for still-fishing, bobber fishing and drifting, and trolling for anything except lake trout. The only thing it will not do is cast a fly.

A multiplying reel that will give long service can be bought today for a very few dollars. The multiplying feature is not necessary for still-fishing, but it is there when the time comes to do a little casting, and that time comes to all of us. Nowadays most multiplying casting reels come with level-winding devices and the anti-backlash gadget, both of which are



*The 1936 season ends as a record-breaker, as far as the number of sportsmen who fished salt water goes. Every year sees increased enthusiasm for this kind of fishing sport.*







# DOGS



*Left: "A dog and a half long, and half a dog tall" is the basset, but despite his odd shape he's a real hunter, whatever the game is*

*Below: The four-months-old basset is relatively long-legged. These promising youngsters are excellent examples of good basset breeding.*



## BASSET HOUNDS

by  
Carl E. Smith

**M**ANY and varied are the shapes, sizes, and varieties of canines used to hunt Br'er Rabbit and his big cousin, the hare. And whichever kind you like best is the best for you, according to the way you want the game hunted, and the speed, as well as the kind of country and cover you hunt in. Decidedly and definitely, the kind that works best for you and gives you the most pleasure, gets you the best results, and ends your hunts with the most satisfied feeling—that is the kind of hunting for you.

Well, for me, for some twenty-five years, the old medium-slow, steady and sure basset hound has brought around the game with reasonable regularity, steady persistence, and good voice. If you want "race horse" stuff, and lots of flash and show, he's not your dog; on the other hand, he isn't slow and poky, taking all morning to "get away from the post." He runs at speed so slow that he seldom holes the game, unless it is just one of those mornings in the kind of weather they just naturally sit near the holes, and run right



*The typical basset has sad, kindly eyes and an inherited ambition to please his master*

in, shortly after getting up. Neither does the basset often over-run the trail, for reasons obvious; his slower speed causes him to note the turns and "checks" in the trail a bit more readily than he would if he were



going at a higher rate of speed.

His appearance bears out the ideas above; you wouldn't expect him to be rapid, with his short, crooked legs, and his low, long-built stature, quaintly described sometimes as "a dog and a half long, and half a dog tall." He is underslung, built just right for penetration of low-down cover, and his heavy limbs and powerful muscles give him the power to force his way in; in fact, anyone picking up a basset will be surprised at his weight and solidity. He is as heavy as lead and as strong as iron if kept in proper exercise so his muscles are in the proper hardened condition. The back, though long, is surprisingly stout, and in some individuals seems to have a surprising flexibility, working like a steel spring, and adding to the dog's speed quite materially, as the long back makes up for lack of long legs.

The basset's quaint appearance continues through his other points: low-hung soft ears, long enough to wrap in a soft knot over his head, in many individuals, give him a real "hound" look, and such he is. Small, deep-set eyes, of the utmost kindness of expression, bespeak a dog that is just that, in disposition, making the most affectionate and docile of pets and pals. In fact, the basset cannot be bent as a fine and intelligent pet of unusual and picturesque appearance, even if you never intended hunting him at all.



*A pack of well-bred bassets in action*

**L**ong tail, of good development, continues the "streamline" effect of his body. Long nose, well developed to the muzzle, further carries out the line, so the whole effect is unique, but in proper proportion. Pronounced "stop," wrinkles over forehead, deep "flews," and "haw" under the eye are extreme show points carried down from







# WORMS



TAKE ALL THE JOY  
OUT OF MY LIFE.  
PLEASE GIVE ME  
**GLOVER'S!**

They are safe, sure medicines—

**GLOVER'S  
FOR PUPPIES—**

**PUPPY CAPSULES  
ROUNDWORM  
VERMIFUGE,  
(Liquid)**

**GLOVER'S  
FOR DOGS—**

**ROUNDWORM  
CAPSULES  
TETRACHLORETHY-  
LENE CAPSULES**

For both Puppies and Dogs—**GLOVER'S  
ROUNDWORM CAPSULES and GLOVER'S TAPE-  
WORM CAPSULES.**

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct  
to Glover's. Price 60¢ a package.

Famous **DOG BOOK**—Veterinary advice, **FREE.**  
Address **GLOVER'S, 468 Fourth Ave., N. Y.**

**GLOVER'S  
WORM MEDICINES**



**NATIONAL SPORTSMAN** is a monthly magazine replete with all the latest news, fishing, camping and trapping stories, and pictures, valuable information about guns, rifles, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get out and more, etc. Biggest value ever offered in a sporting magazine.

And here's a hint that every hunter and sportsman should have in his pocket for hunting and shooting game and fish. It's two double-ten cutting blades of high quality, steel are just right to do a good clean job of skinning and skinning. The famous "Witchamoor" on the blade is a guarantee of quality.



**SPECIAL OFFER** We will send you this Witchamoor Sportsman for a whole year, 12 **Both For \$1.00**

Clip this ad and send today with \$1.00 bill.

**NATIONAL SPORTSMAN**  
275 Newbury St. Boston, Mass.



*Give Your Hunting  
or Fishing Buddies  
a Christmas Present  
They'll Enjoy for  
Two Full Years!*

**24 BIG ISSUES FOR ONLY \$1.00**

Here's a quick, happy way to solve your Christmas-Gift-for-Sportsmen problem. Send them all a two-year subscription to the sportsman's favorite magazine—**HUNTING & FISHING**. Just fill in the order form below, or write us and tell us where to send your gift subscriptions and enclose \$1.00 for each 2-year subscription. We'll supply a Christmas greeting card, and send it in your name, with the first issue. **USE THE GIFT COUPON NOW.**



**HUNTING & FISHING, 275 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.**

Enclosed is \$1.00 for which please enter Xmas Gift Subscriptions to the following for **TWO YEARS**.

Send to \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

My name and address is:

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Dog Owners' Column

Edited by Henry P. Davis

### Cross-Breeding

Dear Mr. Davis: I have a beagle bitch which has a small percentage of blue-tick blood in her veins. She is a good rabbit dog, and I would like to breed her. Should I mate her with a pure-bred beagle, a blue-tick hound, or a cross between a beagle and a foxhound?—Mervin Bonagrat, Pennsylvania.

I believe in pure-bred stock, whether it be dogs, chickens, cattle, or horses. Your bitch, evidently a good individual, has an outcross in her blood, but beagle characteristics and blood predominate. I recommend that you mate her with a registered beagle, thereby cutting down the outcross percentage in her progeny.—H. P. D.

### Spaying

Dear Mr. Davis: I have a female pointer pup, which I am thinking of having spayed. What is your advice in the matter?—J. C. Downing, Williamstown, North Carolina.

I never recommend the spaying of hunting dogs. I do not believe the practice is worth while.—H.P.D.

### The Right Hunting Dog

Dear J. D. M.: Your letter indicates that you have not had much, if any, experience with hunting dogs, but you surely know how to ask questions. I'll answer a few of them here, but most of them can be found in almost any book on hunting dogs. (1) I prefer an English setter to an Irish setter in hunting woodcock and grouse. (2) Yes, such a dog will point pheasants. A ruffed grouse, as a general rule, is the hardest bird to handle of the three species mentioned. Next is the pheasant, while the woodcock presents an easy problem. (3) I prefer to buy a dog about 1 to 1½ years old. (4) His usefulness in the field depends upon his general health and the manner in which he is cared for. I have seen ten-year-old dogs give good service in the field. A properly conditioned hunting dog reaches the peak of his ability when he is about six years old. (5) In buying a hunting dog you generally get about what you pay for. That is to say, the better they are, the higher they come. A well-bred bird dog pup, over the diseases of puppyhood and well on his way to maturity, is well worth more than \$50. He can, in many instances, be purchased for less. The value of a trained dog varies, depending upon the individual, for no man can properly appraise the value of all hunting dogs. Individual preferences differ so much that the dog which would be highly valued by one sportsman may not be one which, in any respect, suits another. A well-trained dog may be purchased from \$100 up. (6) Bird dog training is not as easy as it may sound in written articles. I respect your confidence but am frank to state that you have "many rivers to cross." (7) A three- or four-year-old dog (trained) is certainly not too old for service. In fact, he has not yet reached his prime. (8) The cocker spaniel is a grand little combination hunting dog. He can be used on land for any type of upland game and is a good retriever from water. The Irish water spaniel is generally used in hunting waterfowl.—H. P. D.























# Your Dog Can Find Game In Improved Hunting Areas



**T**OO often your faithful old dog wears out his heart searching for game in covers which yielded full bags in former years, but which now are strangely deficient in wild life. Blank days will recur again and again in areas denuded of the natural vegetation so essential to upland game birds and animals for protection and food.

It is possible for YOU to so improve your favorite hunting areas that game will **STAY** there—to reward the efforts of your dog to find a bevy of quail, or an old cock pheasant waiting to thunder up through the golden leaves. There are indeed few areas which cannot be improved as hunting grounds with just a little time and effort.

We stand ready to assist you by placing at your disposal the Western-Winchester Game Resto-

ration Plan, developed by our own game management staff, and based upon practical experience at our own experimental game breeding farm and in Western-Winchester game restoration areas carefully selected to cover different conditions. The first step is a census of the game in a given area which you can make while actually hunting the cover for the first time this Fall. Then you can follow along with the suggestions in the text book, "Restoration of Upland Game", which is yours for the asking.

You will be surprised how easy it is to put the plan into effect—how little time and effort it requires. Perhaps a few hours of careful observation and enjoyable outdoor labor will do the job... Write... or mail the Coupon!

**WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY**  
Dept. L-47, East Alton, Illinois



## Western

THE SPORTSMAN'S AMMUNITION

Western Cartridge Company, Dept. L-47, East Alton, Illinois  
You may send for a copy of the booklet, "Restoration of Upland Game", covering the Western-Winchester Game Restoration Plan in detail.

Name .....  
Address .....  
Post Office, ..... State .....



**Western  
Super-X**  
LONG RANGE  
WILDPOW! LOAD

**Western  
Xpert**  
UNIFORM  
UPLAND GAME LOAD

Western-Winchester Game Restoration Area  
at the headquarters of Western-Winchester  
Game Restoration Areas are loaded with these  
Restoration areas are loaded with these  
Restoration areas are loaded with these  
Restoration areas are loaded with these



468

